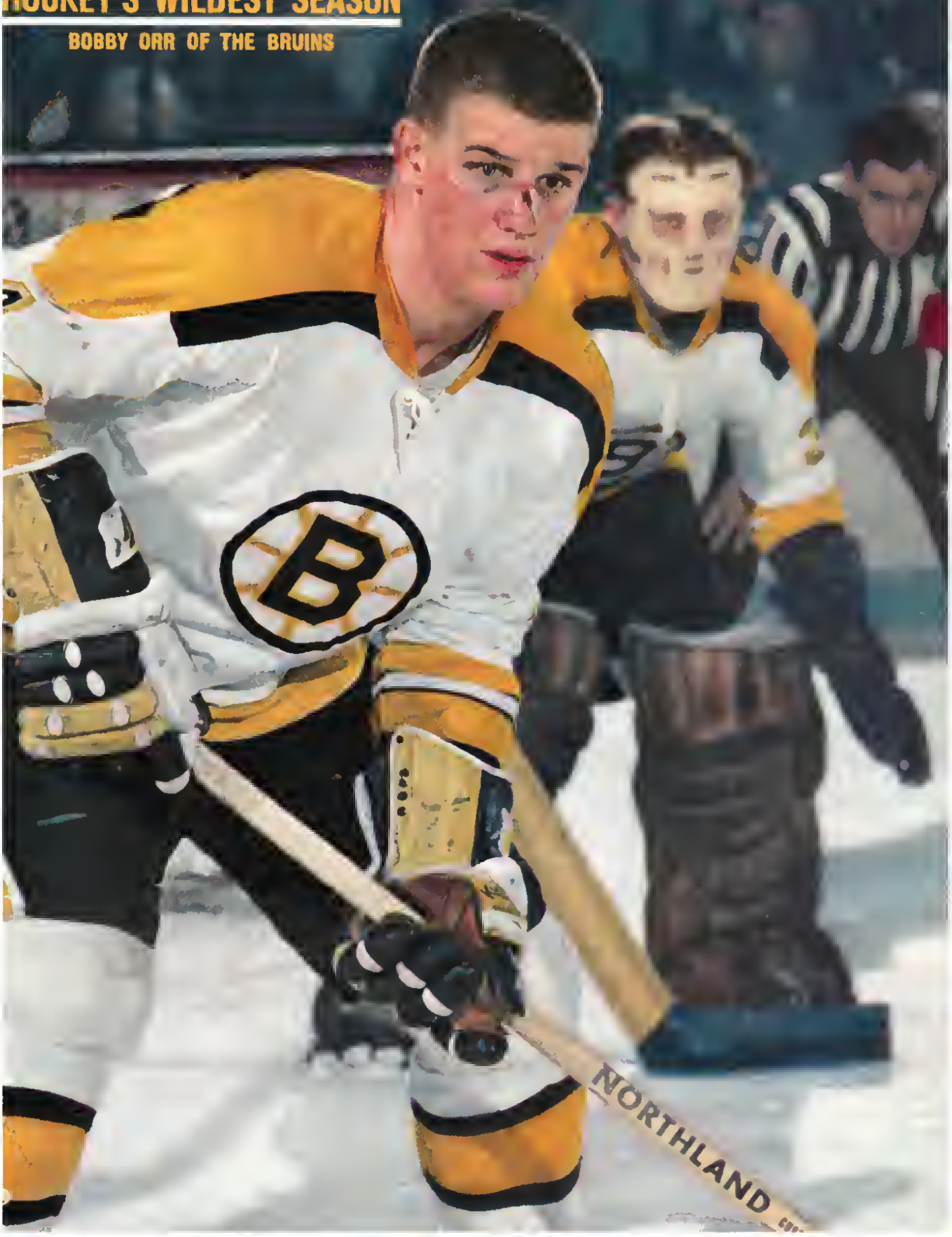
Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 11, 1967 40 CENTS

HOCKEY'S WILDEST SEASON

BOBBY ORR OF THE BRUINS



NORTHLAND

holiday on ice

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY 86 PROOF EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY © ETDC 1987

THE ELECTRIC TIMEX.® YOU DON'T WIND IT UP. YOU TURN IT ON.

From now on, you will never have to wind your watch again—if your watch is an Electric Timex. A tiny, replaceable energy cell does all the work, providing steady electric accuracy week after week, month after month, for more than a year of carefree time. The man's Electric is waterproof*, dustproof*, and shock-resistant. From $39.95. The lady's Electric—the first of its kind in the whole world—is convenient, uncomplicated, and simply beautiful. From $50. Isn't it time you wore one?

*as long as crystal, crown and case remain intact.

Promise
her anything...
but give her
Arpege
LANVIN
Extrait $8.50 to $500
Dusting Powder $8
Spray from $5
Eau de Lanvin from $6
...she'd love to spend
Christmas in Arpege

Contents

DECEMBER 11, 1967 *Volume 27, No. 24*

Cover photograph by Tony Triolo

22 You Gotta Have Sock

Boston's battling Bruins—as well as some expansion teams have provided early surprises in a wild hockey race

28 The Raiders Take Up the Charge

Oakland, exhibiting an all-round game, got ahead of San Diego and stayed there to clinch—almost—the AFL title

30 A Couple of Coming-out Parties

The debuts of Purdue's Rick Mount and Niagara's Calvin Murphy were smashers, though in losing causes

34 Jimmy Ellis Gets His Own Show

The Louisville heavyweight, long in the shadow of fellow townsman Muhammad Ali, last week fought to the top

40 How to Stop the Pillage of America

Some proposals for escape from the bureaucratic maze that enfolds and devours our wildlife resources

54 A Bloody Wild Way to Go Sailing

The genteel traditions of amateur yacht racing are the first casualties in an Aussie 18-footer race

80 The Great Chili Championship Fix

An Easterner meets a Westerner in a Texas ghost town to decide which one's recipe is the world's greatest

The departments

14 Scorecard
62 People
65 College Football
68 Tennis
72 Cross Country
74 Bowling
97 For the Record
98 Basketball's Week
100 19th Hole

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, James A. Linen, President; D. W. Brumbaugh, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Continental U.S. subscriptions $8 a year; Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands $10 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world $6 a year, all others $14 a year.

Credits on page 97

Next week

FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES. Los Angeles meets Green Bay and St. Louis gets a last-chance crack at Cleveland. Tex Maule covers both games as the NFL rushes toward a showdown.

THE BIG Z is Fred Zollner, a kindly millionaire who, as owner of the Detroit Pistons, has won the affection of everyone in pro basketball but, alas, not one championship.

THE SUPERSLEEK LOOK of downhill racing suits and of turtleneck-inspired after-ski clothes is photographed by Jerry Cooke in Colorado on the eve of an Olympic winter.

© 1967 BY TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Food *per se* is not a department of this magazine, but when it becomes involved with sport it becomes part of our responsibility. The subject may be a new recipe for preparing a game bird, or the specialty at a restaurant where the sporting crowd gathers, or a quest for mushrooms. This week, for instance, we have a story on *The Great Chili Championship Fix* (*page 80*), because the food itself is the focus of a sporting contest.

Mention chili in almost any gathering and you get an argument. Some hold out for the fiery green-pepper chili of New Mexico, a dish its advocates claim is as good as a steam bath for curing hangovers or clearing the sinuses. Some prefer the Tex-Mex version made with red peppers. Some like it sweeter and blander, with fewer peppers and more tomato sauce. Some want beans in their chili; some do not. There is even an argument about the type of beans. Put kidney beans in a Texan's chili, and he will consider you a fool. Put pinto beans in a New Yorker's chili, and he probably won't know what they are.

Out of such arguments grew a weird sporting event, a chili-making duel between Texas, represented by Columnist Wick Fowler, and New York, whose colors were carried by H. Allen Smith, author of *Low Man on a Totem Pole* and many other volumes of humor. For an authentic report on this heated contest, we turned to Writer Gary Cartwright and Photographer Shel Hershorn. Both are ardent in their admiration for chili—even though they do not agree on exactly how it should be prepared—but they discovered they were dilettanti compared to Smith, Fowler and several hundred spectators who attended the great cookoff. "I thought if chili was hot enough to make you dance around the table, it was good," said Cartwright, "but I'm just a kid in this field."

Cartwright is a free-lance writer who has worked for five different newspapers in three different cities, has written many magazine articles and is finishing a pro football novel to be published by Doubleday next fall. Among his colleagues he has gained quite a reputation not only for his writing but for his frequently outrageous exploits and his mode of dress—cowboy boots, Levis, sport jacket, button-down shirt, dark glasses and black knit tie. "If I have on a necktie," he explained, "nobody can accuse me of not being a gentleman."

It was Cartwright who, a few years ago, borrowed a waiter's outfit and a tray of bread during a fashion show at a plush country club and, as a large crowd watched, dived off the high board into a swimming pool that was covered with gardenias. "I wanted to see how the people would react," Cartwright said. "But they didn't react at all. They pretended it really hadn't happened." Another time he dressed up as an Indian and performed a rain dance that was followed by one of the worst floods in Dallas history. "That taught me not to mess with the gods," he said. But even Cartwright was somewhat amazed by the occurrences at the chili-cooking contest. So were we, and we think you will be, too.

DILETTANTE CARTWRIGHT AND CHILI

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898-1967

Editor-in-chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James A. Linen
Senior Staff Editor: Thomas Griffith

Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre
Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnston
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tibby, Roy Terrell

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Brawley, Robert Cantwell, Ray Cave, Robert Creamer, Andrew Crichton, Roger S. Hewlett, Martin Kane, Hamilton B. Maule, Jack Olsen, Coles Phinizy, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth Rudeen, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Tax, Whitney Tower, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Gwilym S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Frank Deford, Dan Jenkins, William Johnson, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, William Leggett, Bob Ottum, Edwin Shrake, Lee E. Thompson, John Underwood, M. R. Werner, Les Woodcock

Staff Writers: Pete Axthelm, Duncan Barnes, Tom C. Brody, Jule Campbell, Alice Higgins, Mervin Hyman, Joe Jares, Curry Kirkpatrick, Barbara La Fontaine, Mark Mulvoy, Harold Peterson, Gary Ronberg, Patricia Ryan, Liz Smith

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR, John M. Stebbins; DEPUTY, George J. Bloodgood; ASSISTANTS, Betty Dick, Dorothy Merz; CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS, Lee Balterman, Jerry Cooke, Gerry Cranham, James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Richard Meek, Marvin E. Newman, Herb Scharfman, Brian Seed, Art Shay, Tony Triolo

Writer-Reporters: CHIEF, Honor Fitzpatrick; Jeannette Bruce, Kim Chapin, Gay Flood, Pamela Knight, Morton Sharnik, Herman Weiskopf, Nancy Williamson

Reporters: Elisabeth Krautter, Julia Lamb, Felicia Lee, Ruth M. Lieder, Rose Mary Mecbem, Judy Murphy, Paula Phelps, Sarah Pileggi, Michael Quinn, Johnathan Rodgers, Denise Rogers, Richard Rollins, Lynn Simross, Christiana Walford

Special Contributors: Charles Goren (*Cards*), Carleton Mitchell (*Yachting*), William F. Talbert (*Tennis*)

Production: Gene W. Ulrich (*Manager*), William Gallagher, Wayne Prather; COPY DESK, Betty DeMeester (*Chief*), Iris Herman, Roberta Frost, Barbara Gordon, Janette Heggy, Helen Taylor

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Harris

Art Department: Harvey Grut, Martin Nathan (*Associate Directors*), Brendan F. Mulvey (*Color Quality*), William Bernstein, Catherine Smolich, Thomas Vanderschmidt, Thomas Vmk-Lunas

Editorial Assistants: Jean Lockhart, Theodore Stephney

Special Correspondents: CHIEF, Earl Burton; ASSISTANT, Eleanore Milosovic; *Albuquerque*, Arch Napier; *Anchorage (Alaska)*, John Ratterman; *Atlanta*, Jim Minter; *Austin (Texas)*, Jimmy Banks; *Baltimore*, Walter Ward; *Baton Rouge*, Dan Hardesty; *Bellingham (Wash.)*, Dolly Connelly; *Boise (Idaho)*, Ray Giffin; *Boston*, Leo Monahan; *Buffalo*, Dick Johnston; *Carson City (Nev.)*, Guy Shipler Jr.; *Charleston (S.C.)*, Warren Koon; *Charlotte (N.C.)*, Ronald Green; *Charlottesville (Va.)*, Chris Cramer; *Chicago*, William Furlong; *Cincinnati*, Jim Schottelkotte; *Cleveland*, Charles Heaton; *Columbus (Ohio)*, Kaye Kessler; *Dallas, Fort Worth*, Wes Wise; *Denver*, Bob Bowie; *Des Moines*, Bob Asbille; *Detroit*, Pete Waldmeir; *Greensboro (N.C.)*, Smith Barrier; *Harrisburg (Pa.)*, John Travers; *Honolulu*, Ted Kurrus; *Houston*, Jack Gallagher; *Indianapolis*, Dick Denny; *Jacksonville*, Bill Kastelz; *Kansas City*, Theodore O'Leary; *Las Vegas (Nev.)*, Tom Diskin; *Lexington (Ky.)*, Larry Van Hoose; *Little Rock (Ark.)*, Orville Henry; *Los Angeles*, Jack Tobin; *Louisville*, Larry Aloeck; *Memphis*, Charles Gillespie; *Miami*, Edwin Pope; *Minneapolis*, Dick Gordon; *Nashville*, Max York; *New Haven (Conn.)*, Bill Guthrie; *New Orleans*, Peter Finney; *Oklahoma City*, Harold Soles; *Omaha*, Hollis Limprecht; *Philadelphia*, Gordon Forbes; *Phoenix (Ariz.)*, Frank Gianelli; *Pittsburgh*, Eddie Beachler; *Portland (Ore.)*, John White; *Providence*, John Hanlon; *Salt Lake City*, George Ferguson; *San Antonio*, John Janes; *San Diego*, Jack Murphy; *San Francisco*, Art Rosenbaum; *Seattle*, Emmett Watson; *South Bend (Ind.)*, Joe Doyle; *St. Louis*, Bob Morrison; *St. Petersburg (Fla.)*, Gordon Marston; *Syracuse (N.Y.)*, Bud Vander Veer; *Tallahassee (Fla.)*, Bill McGrotha; *Waco (Texas)*, Dave Campbell; *Washington, D.C.*, Martie Zad; *Winston-Salem (N.C.)*, Bob Hampton

Canada: *Montreal*, Arthur Siegel; *Ottawa*, Dillon O'Leary; *Toronto*, Rex MacLeod; *Vancouver*, Eric Whitehead

Foreign Bureau: CHIEF, Richard M. Clurman; DEPUTY, John Boyle

Publisher: Garry Valk
Advertising Sales Director: Harry Steinbreder, Jr.
Circulation Director: Robert E. Cowin
Promotion Director: Robert P. Fisler
General Manager: J. Richard Munro

For Seiberling's new Four Seasons™ tire...

it's the four season cord... Dynacor rayon.

No matter where you go—or when you go—you'll go quietly and smoothly on Seiberling "Four Seasons" tires. In fact, they're so quiet you can put them on all four wheels—and leave them on all year long.

The tread has tractor type lugs on the inside, *but* the outside has a wrap-around pattern. That's one reason why the "Four Seasons" is quieter and handles better. Another reason is the Dynacor* rayon cord body that reinforces the tire.

Seiberling chose Dynacor rayon because it provides unusual toughness and stability in rough going as well as smooth, thump-free performance all year long. Dynacor rayon stands up under heat, too. And that's mighty important in a four season tire!

*Collective trademark of Tyrex Inc.

fmc CORPORATION

American Viscose Division

New York, N. Y. · Akron, Ohio

MI

Business and Liberal Arts graduates:

IBM invites you to work hard at solving other people's problems.

Problems like dealing with the impact of the world's population on the world's food supply. Or simplifying the complexities of new high-speed transportation systems.

You'd be working for IBM's Data Processing Division, the part of IBM that designs, sells, and installs computer systems. It's a job that brings new challenges every day because every customer's problems are different.

It's not easy work. That's why we start you out with an up-to-the-minute course in the practical use of computers. But when you finish, you'll be ready to tackle some of the toughest problems in business. You'll work directly with our customers as consultant, teacher, programmer, and student.

How to start: If hard work and constant challenge are what you want, write to:

D. A. McElvain, IBM Corporation, P.O. Box 1365, Chicago, Illinois. **D. S. Atkinson,** IBM Corporation, 202 Colonial Center Blvd., 5725 Dragon Way, Cincinnati, Ohio. **P. A. Beville,** IBM Corporation, 1400 Baltimore, Kansas City, Missouri. **W. P. Molden,** IBM Corporation, 1728 Soo Line Bldg., Minneapolis, Minnesota. **P. V. Wagner,** IBM Corporation, 20700 Greenfield Rd., Oak Park, Michigan. **D. M. Pearson,** IBM Corporation, Illuminating Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

IBM

An Equal Opportunity Employer

SHOPWALK

The old-fashioned hoop and hoople stick are back in orbit with a space-age name

The old-fashioned hoop and hoople stick are back with us but, as with almost everything else these days, the hoop and stick now have a space-age twist. Whereas the hoop of yesteryear was whacked with the stick and went rolling merrily along, the new hoop—called an orbit wheel—is controlled, not whacked, by a double-wire device called the guidance system. But once our minds are cleared of space terminology, the "system" is simply a different kind of hoople stick.

The hoop itself weighs 3 to 4 ounces and measures about 15 inches in diameter. The stick is a chrome-plated spring-steel wire bent to resemble a rather long picnic fork with a short hook at one end. The bent, or hook, end of the stick is placed against the hoop one inch above the ground and allows such precise control that the player may keep the hoop at a standstill, brake it when it is moving, spin it in place or reverse it.

The inventor, Paul Sakwa, president of ElectrO-Mech Industries, visited relatives in eastern Poland as a child. There he remembered years later, the children used a one-wire device to guide the hoop, much like that employed in ancient Greece. He wondered why he had never seen children at play with the device in the U.S. Experimenting with several different designs, he finally came up with the double-wire idea, and this seemed more practical than the single wire "for reasons of symmetry, simplicity and in order to eliminate possibly dangerous wire hooks." Mr. Sakwa thinks of his orbit games as the "astronautical sport." They include space hockey (using the hoop as a puck and guiding it into an opponent's area), 40-yard and 80-yard double orbit (simple speed races), 80-yard lunar excursion, which lays out a pattern of orbit in a figure-eight design, with one orbit going around the earth, another around the moon. To make the game more challenging, a lunar bump, which consists of a log or a can filled with sand, is placed in the orbital path.

There are other variations called asteroid slalom, 90-yard double-slotting space walk (a raised six-foot walk for the wheel) and a final follow-the-astronaut game in which players follow the leader, who makes the game as challenging as possible by utilizing the terrain and equipment at hand. Should the lead astronaut fall out of orbit, *i.e.*, lose control of his wheel, the next in line becomes the leader "until all followers are shaken off and assumed lost in space."

The hoop, with the wire device and rules, costs $2 and may be ordered from Creative Playthings or directly from ElectrO-Mech Industries, Inc., 825 New Hampshire Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

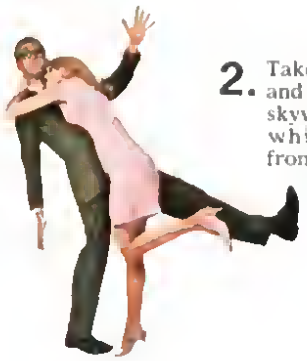
Hai Karate™

After Shave Foam, After Shave Lotion, and Cologne

Don't dare use it without memorizing this:

Here are step-by-step instructions on how to defend yourself from women in case you apply an overdose of Hai Karate.

1. When your girl (or even your own wife) gets to squeezing too hard, keep your balance at all costs. (If she succeeds in knocking you down, you've had it!)



2. Take a deep breath and push both arms skyward vigorously while springing from the knees.

3. Now her hold is broken. Get her in a good, tight half nelson and shock her back to reality with a stern warning such as, "Watch it Sister!"

New Hai Karate After Shave is so powerful that you have to be careful how you use it. It feels so good and smells so great that you can be tempted to splash on a little too much. And that can be hazardous. Your girl, or even your own wife, can lose her head and get a passionate grip on you.

That's why we have to put instructions on self-defense in every package of Hai Karate After Shave And Hai Karate Cologne. And Hai Karate Gift Sets. And even in this ad. If you know what's good for you, you'll memorize them right now.

$1.50 $1.75 $2.25

HAI KARATE—be careful how you use it.

©1967 [illegible] New York

Electra 225 comes in 7 models, 15 exterior colors and 7 interiors. V-8 engine produces 360 hp. Super Turbine automatic transmission, power steering and power brakes are standard. So is a full line of GM safety equipment, such as seat belts with pushbutton buckles for all passenger positions.

Officers start their business careers highly recommended by their uncle.

He's the uncle everybody knows.

People know the caliber of man uncle trusts. The kind of man he depends on. The kind of man he pins bars on. An Army officer.

They know an officer is a man who can take responsibility. Can lead. Make decisions. Take command in every sense of the word.

The Army Officer Candidate School Program can help you become such a man. It's a matter of record that OCS-trained officers make it big in the Army and in business. At a younger age. In the more responsible jobs.

Your future, your decision . . . choose **ARMY OCS.**

Army Opportuniti[illegible] 11 67
Dept 100
Hampton, Va 23369

Please send me your booklet "Your Career as an Army Officer"

Name ____

Address ____

City ____

State ____ Zip Code ____

Phone ____ Age ____

College ____ Class of ____

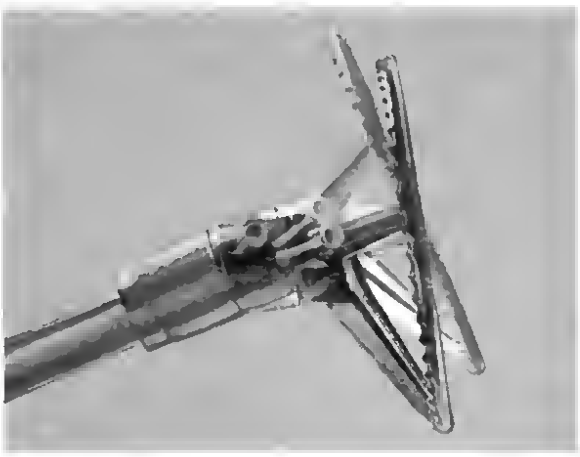
The All America

That's right. The President's All America Team.
And you don't have to be built like an ox to make it.
50,000 kids made the team last year and won this badge from the President.
Tryouts are starting again at schools all over the country.
This is a chance to test your strength, speed and endurance.
You have to run, jump, sit-up, pull-up and throw a softball.
Big guys have no advantage over little guys. Boys have no advantage over girls.
Can you make the youngest, smallest, lightest, newest, strongest All America Team?
You'll never know unless you try out.

Team?

FOR INFORMATION ON HOW YOU CAN WIN THIS BADGE, WRITE PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL FITNESS WASHINGTON, D.C. 20210

"We have everything on our 1968 Buick,



including an instant-fit steering wheel."

"Our new Buick is really a family car. We all drive it—the wife and I, even the older kids. And let's face it, we come in all shapes and sizes. But our instant-fit Tilt Steering Wheel allows each of us to adjust the wheel to fit our individual needs."

It can introduce a new kind of driving comfort to your family, too, with a full range of wheel positions to choose from. Even lets you change wheel positions while you're traveling—to make long stints in the driver's seat more comfortable.

When you come to the end of your trip, it flips up and out of the way for easy, unobstructed exit. Make sure *your* next Buick has everything. See your dealer now for the *best steer of the year*. Saginaw Steering Gear Division, Saginaw, Michigan.

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Sorry, not for beginners

You're likely to like the taste of Grant's only after you've had a few. A few dozen bottles of other brands...over a few years. Grant's tastes like Scotch...a taste you've often got to learn to like. That's because Grant's is a tastier blend of smoother 8-year-olds, like Balvenie, Glenfiddich, and other superb Scotches. As long as you're up: Grant's—the blend that never lets you forget you're drinking Scotch. (These days Grant's comes festively gift-wrapped. Give Grant's).

Grant's drinkers think Scotch tastes wonderful.

THE WILD WOODS

Sparkling foam after shaves

Wildly new. Bold. Masculine. The natural fragrances of aromatic woods in new timed-action after shaves. Matching colognes. Great gifts for the natural man

From foam

to liquid

to comfort

BOOKTALK

A new biography depicts Arnold Palmer less as a hero, more as a human being

It is a common fault among the biographers of great athletes to stress the homely virtues of their protagonists with such monotonous persistency that greatness turns to pure ennui. Mark H. McCormack, who is Arnold Palmer's close friend, adviser, partner and manager as well as his biographer, avoids this literary hazard in *Arnie* (Simon and Schuster, $6.50). The world's most interesting golfer may love mom and apple pie as much as the next man, but if he does, Author McCormack doesn't plague us with the information. In his well-written biography, parts of which appeared in this magazine (March 6 *et seq.*), McCormack prefers to depict his friend as a fallible human being who tends to smoke far too much, drinks moderately, is a pushover for kids and social climbers, occasionally forgets what contracts he once signed and plays what may be the most brilliant golf game anywhere, except when he doesn't.

McCormack, who has managed Arnie's business affairs since 1959, has chronicled the complex world in which a pro golfer moves, and an intriguing, sometimes bewildering world it is. "He is the first athlete to become a walking, breathing, million-dollar corporation in his prime," McCormack says.

A chapter on the niceties and not-so-niceties involved in contract negotiations with the Wilson Sporting Goods Co., for example, could be an eye-opener for any law school student, whether he plays golf or not. Herein lies the charm of McCormack's book. It presents so many facets of Arnold to be considered, relished and appreciated. "Palmer the worrier and Palmer the comic. There is Palmer the tycoon and Palmer the debt-fearing head of household. There is Palmer the smoker and Palmer the nonsmoker. There is Palmer the archconservative and Palmer the perfectionist. . . . Palmer the jet pilot . . . ambassador . . . confidant of corporation presidents . . . and Palmer the quiet tax-paying citizen of a small steel town called Latrobe."

Then there is that other human phenomenon known as Arnie's Army. The author tries manfully to come to grips with this delightful problem in human psychology. Who are they, these doggedly devoted fans? What draws them to this one golfer while another, perhaps playing better at the time, must plod his lonely way from tee to tee with only his caddie to cheer him on? McCormack can no more explain it than anyone else, but he makes a try. He proves, moreover, that whatever it is, Arnold Palmer has it. Readers who acquaint themselves with Arnie by way of this book may find themselves enlisted in the Army, without even suspecting it.

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

The 7-minute interview:

We invented it to give you a chance to size up a life insurance agent and still have an out.

How do you know whether or not you want to do business with a man until you talk to him and have a chance to see if he's your kind of person? That's why a Mutual Benefit agent offers a 7-minute interview.

In seven minutes, he's not about to solve your problems, though he may very well spark a couple of ideas that will save you money.

The important thing is that you will have a chance to see that he knows his stuff and to size him up. To determine if he's a person you would find it easy to talk to.

If you're interested in further discussion, invite him to stay. Otherwise, he'll be on his way at the end of seven minutes. Or, if you're too busy to see anyone right now, write for our free booklet, "What you can expect a Mutual Benefit agent to do for you."

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY/NEWARK, N. J. /SINCE 1845/OFFICES COAST TO COAST

SCORECARD

THAT SLIPPERY SUBJECT

The other afternoon in Mexico City, baseball's Rules Committee wound up and unloaded on good old 8.02(a), the most circumnavigated rule in the game. Rule 8.02(a) pertains to the spitball, the pitch which umpires seldom see but pitchers throw all the time. Come April, umpires are supposed to first warn any pitcher who brings his hands in contact with his mouth and, should the pitcher do it a second time, disqualify him from the remainder of the game.

Perhaps you may remember the spring of 1963, when baseball tried to invoke another change in the rules of pitching. Back then the balk rule was reintroduced and enforcing it turned many games into a shambles. In the first 20 games of that season National League umpires called 20 balks against pitchers; American League umpires called none. Thus a rule was valid in one league and ignored in the other.

The one thing we like about the new spitball rule, however, is that if it is strictly enforced the hitter will get an advantage at a time when almost everything seems to be in favor of the pitcher. Instead of watching two hours and 45 minutes of pitch-and-catch between pitcher and catcher, men may actually hit balls with bats once again and go running around the bases as outfielders chase fly balls and line drives. Imagine, though, the role of the plate umpire who works the first 1968 meeting between Don Drysdale of the Los Angeles Dodgers and Gaylord Perry of the San Francisco Giants, two of the top pitchers often accused of throwing the spitter. They may be warned, but will they ever really be disqualified?

UNDER WRAPS

Everybody knows that sport made its contribution to the Manhattan Project when the squash courts of the University of Chicago were used as the development site of the atom bomb. But recently, at the 25th anniversary celebration of the project, a sports footnote was added.

At a "retrospective session" Dr. Walter Zinn, once a top aide to Enrico Fermi, recalled that the squash courts were unheated. The scientists managed, in part, by keeping in motion, but the guards at the doors suffered from the cold until the university unearthed—who knows where—a relic of the school's big-time football days, a large supply of raccoon coats.

"We had," said Dr. Zinn, "the best-dressed collegiate-type guards anywhere."

BREAD AND BUTTER

A tea shop on Coventry Street in London has decided to take out a gambling-casino license and set up baccarat, poker and blackjack tables for its clientele. Mr. Harold Young, a director of the establishment, which is one of the celebrated J. Lyons & Co. Ltd. shops, says, "Gambling is firmly entrenched as a national pastime, but it is not yet considered generally respectable. Perhaps we can help."

FANCIFUL FIGURES

The baseball trading season is moving along at an excellent rate these days, providing pennant dreams for some cities, ticket sales for others and whisking Bob Miller, a pitcher with a lifetime record of 39-54, closer and closer to the doors of the Hall of Fame.

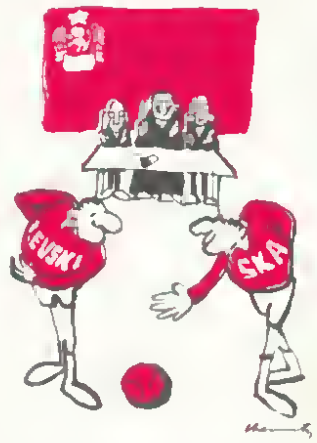
Bob Miller was traded to the Minnesota Twins last week, along with Ron Perranoski and John Roseboro of the Los Angeles Dodgers, for Zoilo Versalles and Jim Grant. Back in 1961 Miller was taken in the National League expansion draft by the New York Mets for $125,000 and promptly ran up a record of 1-12. Later picked up by Los Angeles in a trade, he turned into a good relief pitcher for the Dodgers, but his move to Minnesota last week may eventually make him eligible for baseball's American League expansion draft of 1968 at a cost of $175,000. Since relief pitchers often stay around until they are 40 or more, Miller, now only 28, could be traded again and even end up in the National League's expansion draft of 1970 at a cost that could easily reach $200,000 by then. All told, that would make Bob Miller worth $500,000. The New York Jets paid only $400,000 for Joe Namath.

COMMON PRAYER

For several days before the Ector Eagles met the Dumas Demons in an Odessa, Texas high school football game, the sign outside the Temple Baptist Church read: "We are against Demons, too."

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Bulgaria has found an effective method of dealing with unruly fans and players at soccer games. Before the start of the traditional grudge match between Levski and CSKA, a table was carried to the edge of the field and a judge in his robes and a number of clerks took their seats at it. An official informed those present that any spectator or participant who caused a disturbance would be tried at once. Then he read off a list of offenders at previous games this season who had been found guilty and sentenced to 15 days at hard labor.



The match was played peaceably, and when players accidentally fouled they apologized profusely to their opponents.

WORTHY PLAN

This year the Big Ten will try using three referees in each of 25 nonconference basketball games. Villanova will do the same in five of its home games, as little Adelphi Suffolk will do in 10. The idea

continued

TELL HER YOU'RE GLAD TO BE HOME.

THIS WILL HELP.

The flowers you have to supply. The S&H Green Stamps we supply. You get them for every mile you drive a National rental car.

The customer is No. 1 with us. This way of saying "thank you" proves it.

You can get all your favorite cars—Chevrolet...Pontiac...Oldsmobile...Buick...Cadillac, other fine makes.

You can use any accredited card including: Mobil, Shell, American Oil, Hertz, Avis, Air Travel, National, American Express, Diners Club, Carte Blanche—with all the usual privileges.

You get S-second confirmation of reservations by computer.

You can rent a National car at 1219 locations including over 200 airports.

Next trip rent a National car. And when you're home and glad to be there—tell her so. Say it with Green Stamps.

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL

where the customer is always No.1

© NCR 1967

Overseas and in Canada it's TILDENinterNATIONAL

Swinging Set for Christmas Giving!

Motorola Take-Anywhere TV

Take it anywhere—
indoors, outdoors,
along on car trips

Works with house current or portable battery pack—even plugs into car cigaretta lighter * All-transistor—solid state devices replace all tubes but one. Bright 9" diagonal picture. A great "little something" for someone special this Christmas.

*Battery kit optional extra. Car must have 12 volt negative ground system

MOTOROLA® ESCORT

The Pros.

(for people who aren't)

We combined professional features, fully automatic operation and cartridge-loading convenience in these two cameras.

The Konica Super 8-GTL movie camera has an f1.8 Hexanon 6 to 1 power zoom lens, electric drive, reflex through-the-lens viewing, and a behind-the-lens meter that automatically controls exposure.

The Konica Auto-S261, for slides or prints, is the professional, compact cartridge-loading camera. It has an f2.8 Hexanon lens, rangefinder focusing, and fully automatic exposure (even with flash cubes), with speeds to 1/250.

These Konicas make your pictures look professional. Even if you're not.

Super 8-GTL: under $250. Auto-S261: under $70. At your camera dealer. Konica Camera Corp. P.O. Box 1070, Woodside, N.Y. 11377.

A division of Bartley Photo Inc

KONICA

"the lens alone is worth the price"

is not a new one, but at last it seems to be getting some of the attention it deserves

It works like this: while two referees are in their normal positions at the busy end of the court, a third is stationed beneath the basket at the opposite end, where he is in position to make any calls resulting from fast breaks or full-court passes. Under the two-man system, such calls are forced upon an official trapped far, far away. There is another advantage to the three-man system. Since the referees rotate positions following each free throw, one is always in position to catch his breath.

TWISTED

Ever since the Seattle Area Industrial Council approved the construction of a $100 million oil refinery on waterfront property in Port Susan Bay, conservationists have been disputing the decision. The other day the Industrial Council struck back. It issued the statement: "We are alarmed at this dangerous trend toward too much greenbelt and wilderness planning." Hmmm.

ALL-AMERICA BENCH

Maurice Moorman, a Texas A&M guard and an All-America a year ago, was named a second-team All-America last week by United Press International, although he was dropped from the Aggie squad for scholastic reasons halfway through the season. A&M, which, with Moorman, had lost four of its six games, went on to win four straight and the Southwest Conference title. Apparently the team didn't miss Moorman. Only UPI did.

.000

At the 12th annual International Game Fish Conference in San Juan, P.R., Esteban Bird of the Club Náutico de San Juan told a harrowing tale of fisherman's luck—the bad kind.

He took a long weekend over last Fourth of July and in two days of fishing in Virgin Islands waters hooked and played eight blue marlin. He lost every one of them. The mate, it turned out, had gone experimental and invented a new way of tying the hook to the bait.

After abandoning the mate's invention and returning to old-fashioned ways, Bird related, he hooked, played and lost a blue that he was sure went over 1,200 pounds. "I should be able to judge

continued

Looking for Gifts to unwrap Smiles?

General Electric has them!

Welcome gift! General Electric's stainless steel Coffee Maker reheats without reperking. Nine 5-oz cups. Has Mini-Brew* basket for 2 to 3 cups of great coffee.

General Electric's popular Automatic Clothes Brush. Vacuums and brushes away lint, hair, dirt. Cordless. Rechargeable.

Gift for grooming! General Electric's Manicure-Pedicure set has small, light, contoured handle, extra-long cord for easy handling. 5 snap-on precision attachments. Gift case.

Family gift. Give a General Electric Automatic Toothbrush. Your choice of back-and-forth or up-and-down motions. Professionally accepted.

They'll have a whirl... with GE's "lowboy" Blender! Grates, chops, purees, blends. Whips up sauces, mixes drinks. Holds 32 oz. Only 10½ inches high for easy storage.

It's catching! General Electric's fan-forced Fire Starter starts fireplace and barbecue fires quickly—without odor, fuss, or kindling.

Cordless beauty! General Electric's wall clock in a colorful tableau of Italy. Hangs anywhere. Smart accent for Mediterranean or modern decor. 28 in. high, 13 in. wide.

*TM General Electric Company

General Electric Co., Housewares Div., Bridgeport, Conn. 06602

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

80 AND 100 PROOF ... FROM GRA... OF PIERRE SMIRN... HEUBLEIN) HARTFORD ...

TURN ON A WHITE CHRISTMAS

Smirnoff really ignites a party. This crystal clear liquor dazzles your guests with color. Gleaming Screwdrivers and Bloody Marys. Merrier Mules. Modder Martinis. Punchier punches. Smoother rocks. For holiday parties, no other liquor makes so many drinks so well. And when you're gift hunting, why guess the right whiskey? You *know* the right vodka.

Smirnoff® VODKA *leaves you breathless*

the size of blue marlins after having caught 94 of them in my angling career," he said. "I have seen the mounting of the Cabo Blanco 1,500-pound black marlin, and I have measured and weighed the first Puerto Rican world-record blue marlin of close to 800 pounds and also weighed the St. Thomas present record of over 800 pounds. . . .

"My average during 20 years of angling had been one fish per five hooked. That day in the Virgins the batting average sure went to hell."

SHOT DOWN

When the socialist African nation of Tanzania nationalized its big-game industry last year, it figured on collecting bounteous dividends. The country's minister for agriculture, forests and wildlife declared, "The wildlife of Tanzania is one of its greatest assets, and the profits derived from it should accrue to the nation." The government had believed private white hunters were doing a lucrative trade taking safaris into the 16,000-square-mile Selous Game Reserve, an area that may well hold more record trophies than any in Africa.

But what accrued to the nation in the first year of government-controlled safaris was a loss of almost a quarter of a million dollars, which is a significant percent of Tanzania's Gross National Product.

Unsocialistic as it may be, Tanzania is giving up its profit hunt in the game reserve and hoping those romantic white hunters will return, if only to help counteract the attractions of neighboring Kenya, which is taking handsome advantage of its big-game hunting potential.

A LITTLE EMPHASIS

Next week faculty representatives of Big Ten schools will meet in Chicago, and keenly in the academic mind will be the knowledge that against nonconference schools this season the Big Ten had a little record, 12 wins and 17 losses. There is no feeling among the faculties that the Big Ten's move away from a football-factory approach to the game has been wrong, and no change in the present attitude can be expected. However, two matters are likely to come up for consideration that would not normally have been discussed at this regular winter meeting.

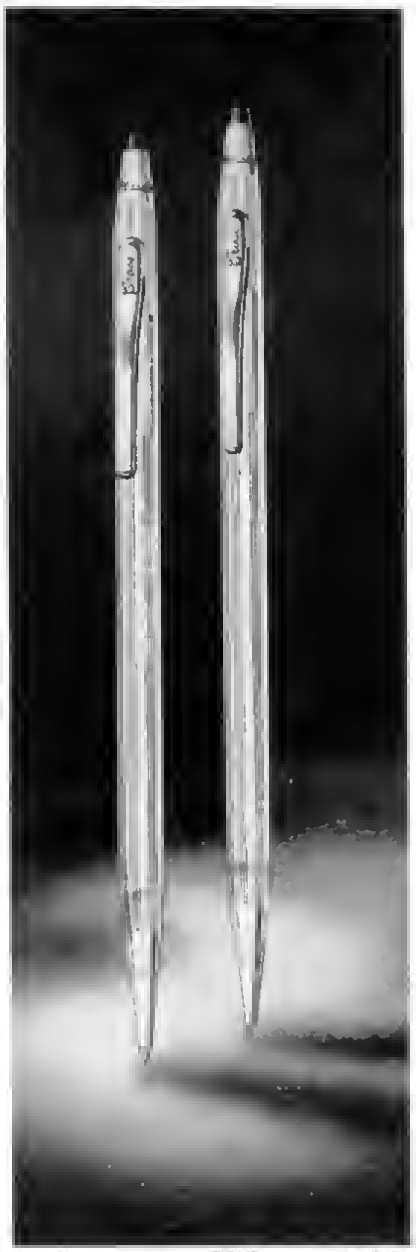
1) Whether or not the present limit of football recruits, which is 30 per year, should be raised. Big Ten coaches say they are suffering because they make offers to 30 boys but never get 30 acceptances, and they cannot fill the holes at the last minute with top-quality prospects. The suggested change is small. Let a team ask as many as 35 players one year and then should 34, for example, happen to accept, it could send out tenders to only 26 the next year.

2) A slight relaxation in recruiting procedures, which are very strict compared to many other conferences. As of now a Big Ten coach can make only one trip to a prospect's home, cannot meet him at a restaurant and buy him and his family a meal and cannot even talk to him at an event in which the prospect is competing. The change being considered would permit the coach to make two off-campus contacts with his prospects instead of one.

Approval of any such suggestions is far from assured. The faculty representatives move carefully and slowly—about as slowly as some Big Ten football teams did this year, come to think of it.

THEY SAID IT

- Walter O'Malley, on the big-game trophies—polar bear, nyala, sable antelope, etc.—that he keeps in Dodger Stadium: "It's nice to have your own stadium. You wouldn't dare try to bring stuff like this into your home. Your wife would throw you out."
- Bucky Waters, West Virginia basketball coach, on his new forward, Carey Bailey, who cut his forehead on the rim during a leap: "We're concerned about his three-second violations: he goes up, and he doesn't always come down in three seconds."
- Harold W. Handley, ex-Indiana governor, after the Hoosiers upset Purdue and won their way to the Rose Bowl: "I was so happy Saturday night, I was even dancing to Everett Dirksen records."
- Bob Gibson, St. Louis Cardinal pitcher and World Series hero, discussing his personal appearance tour of the country: "I get a lot of dopey questions, and women ask some of the silliest. One lady asked me, 'Are you going to play next year?' "
- Antonia, Dutch model, who shares a flat in Paris with a pet panther: "He is not dangerous at all; his family has been in captivity for eight generations." **END**



14 Karat Gold Filled
writing instruments
created in
timeless good taste

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

©1964 A. T. CROSS COMPANY

This Christmas give,

When you give your family or friends a photographic gift from GAF, memories will be theirs for the taking.

GAF gifts are the ones that fit any personality, any pocketbook. They're right for your youngest child or your oldest friend. And their prices are just as varied. Starting with what you can easily afford, and ranging to what you almost can't.

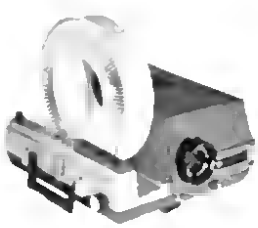
Still cameras from GAF take all the guesswork out of photography. People don't even have to know the difference between an f/stop and a shutter button to get perfect pictures with these 4 cameras. From the simple Anscomatic 126 and Anscomatic 326, to the more advanced Anscomatic 626 and Anscomatic 726—just click and snap.

The GAF Anscomatic movie cameras offer an even greater selection. They have all the styling, performance, and features of cameras costing twice their price. They start with incredible values under $95 and end with incomparable quality like the Anscomatic ST/90 under $185, with features such as the 5-to-1 push button power-manual zoom.

The slide projectors (beginning with the compact Anscomite™ 100, which sells for less than $15 and ending with the Anscomatic 680) are an absolute "must" for

Anscomatic 126 camera instant 126 cartridge loading, built-in flashcube socket with automatic flashcube rotation, two-speed shutter, extra large viewfinder, double exposure prevention, and a one year UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Less than $16. Complete outfit less than $18.

Anscochrome® color slide film in speeds of 50, 100, 200, and 500 (the fastest color film you can buy) is a must for truest representation in both light and shadow. Also available, Anscopan® black and white film.



Anscomatic 680 Slide Projector vertical and horizontal tilt control, 500 watt lamp system for showing slides 4 different ways, complete with spillproof 100 slide Rototray®. Less than $90.

so that others may take.

showing clear, sharp slides every time.

When people want to show movie films at their best, they let GAF movie projectors do it for them. Because Anscovision Dual 8 movie projectors can't show them any other way. From the simplified operation of the Anscovision 388 for under $75, to the unmatched precision of the Anscovision 688 under $115, GAF projectors are designed to assure perfection.

And for do-it-yourself fans (especially teenagers), we have a complete GAF do-it-yourself darkroom kit for less than $15.

With a selection like this to choose from, you may have a little trouble making up your mind. But when you finally decide, you'll know you can't go wrong this Christmas (or any other day) when you give GAF gifts.

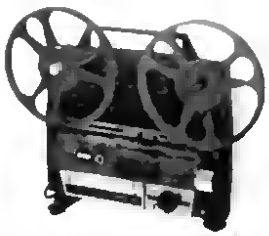
The only thing better than giving them is getting them.

More fine products from gaf

GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Anscomatic ST/87 Super 8 Movie Camera: fully automatic exposure control, electric motor, 4-to-1 f/1.7 zoom lens with universal click stop settings, automatic reset. Less than $110

Anscochrome II Super 8 movie film gives you more vivid color than ever before at increased speeds



Anscovision 588 Dual 8 Movie Projector: projects both regular and Super 8 movie film, automatic sprocketless film threading with AdjustoMatic take up control, rapid rewind, 500 watt illumination, 400 foot reel capacity, plus an f/1.5 zoom lens. Under $100

Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 11, 1967

YOU GOTTA HAVE SOCK

And in hockey's biggest, most unpredictable season, Boston has it, with Bobby Orr picking up where Yaz left off in the city of wonders. The Bruins have been helped by trades, a new boss, a new spirit

by PETE AXTHELM

Phil Esposito sat on a table in the Boston Bruins' dressing room joking with Milt Schmidt, the general manager. Out on the ice the rest of the Bruins were going through a rugged practice, preparing for an important game with the Chicago Black Hawks—a game that ended Saturday night in a 4–4 tie, leaving the Bruins at the top of the National Hockey League standings. Esposito, the big, swarthy center who has been a strong factor in Boston's dramatic rise from the NHL cellar this year, had missed the workout with a slight knee injury. He looked cool and relaxed in a blue sport shirt and yellow cardigan sweater. Tommy Williams, the first player off the ice, stalked into the room in full uniform, his face streaked with sweat and dirt. He glared at Esposito. "What do you have to do to get a day off around here? Be Italian?"

Esposito turned calmly to Williams, the only American-born player among the Canadians on the team. "You can be anything," he said, "except American. You Americans need all the work you can get."

Bobby Orr (*see cover*), the Bruins' crew-cut 19-year-old superstar, called to Esposito (who played on Bobby Hull's line in Chicago last year), "Hey, Hull practiced every day, didn't he? Didn't he make you practice with him?"

"You're right," said Phil, "but there are no Hulls on this team."

The remark was not quite accurate. Defenseman Orr, in his second season, is already approaching the stature of a Hull or a Stan Mikita, a player who can pick up an entire team with a key goal or a big play. But right or wrong, Esposito's flip and frequent exchanges with his teammates typify the new attitude of this year's Bruins, a suddenly brash and exuberant club that has provided the biggest surprise of all in the expanded, highly unpredictable NHL.

In the East Division, made up of the established clubs, the six teams are separated by only 10 points in a frantic race. Montreal, a title contender for 20 straight years, is currently last; the Bruins, who have not made the Stanley Cup playoffs in eight years, are Red Sox-ing along in first. In the new West Division the race is almost as close, and, more surprisingly, the expansion teams have shown that they can hold their own in games against the older clubs. In the first 55 meetings between the divisions, the first-year teams have won 16 and tied five—a far better record than even the most optimistic of the West's general managers had expected. The Philadelphia Flyers, best of the new teams, have an eye-opening 4-2-1 mark against older clubs.

The biggest winners in this expansion year may be the fans, both the old ones who have followed the game all along and the new ones who are just discovering hockey in the expansion cities. The doggedly loyal Boston rooters have finally been rewarded with a completely transformed team. Last year the club management was inept and the players were unhappy, tense and so ineffective that they finished 18 points out of the playoffs. Now the players are on a cordial, first-name basis with the new general manager, Milt Schmidt, the center of Boston's revered old Kraut Line, and their second-year coach, Harry Sinden. They enjoy an almost constant routine of comedy and needling led by Esposito, Winger Eddie Shack and Goalie Gerry Cheevers. And on the ice they have changed from a small, meek team that often appeared to be merely going through the motions into a brawling, powerful unit good enough to lead the league.

Except in Minnesota, a center of hockey activity, people have not rushed to fill the arenas of the expansion clubs. But attendance has increased gradually as fans have gotten to know the game and the players, and only the Oakland franchise remains a bit shaky at the gate, averaging about 5,350 customers, while Minnesota pulls 11,500, St. *continued*

As the Bruins battled on last week, Derek Sanderson (top left) fought for the puck, a teammate leaped in triumph and Sanderson caught a fist.

Things were brisk in the expansion business, too. From left, Minnesota men dig for the puck with typical new-league gusto; Los Angeles

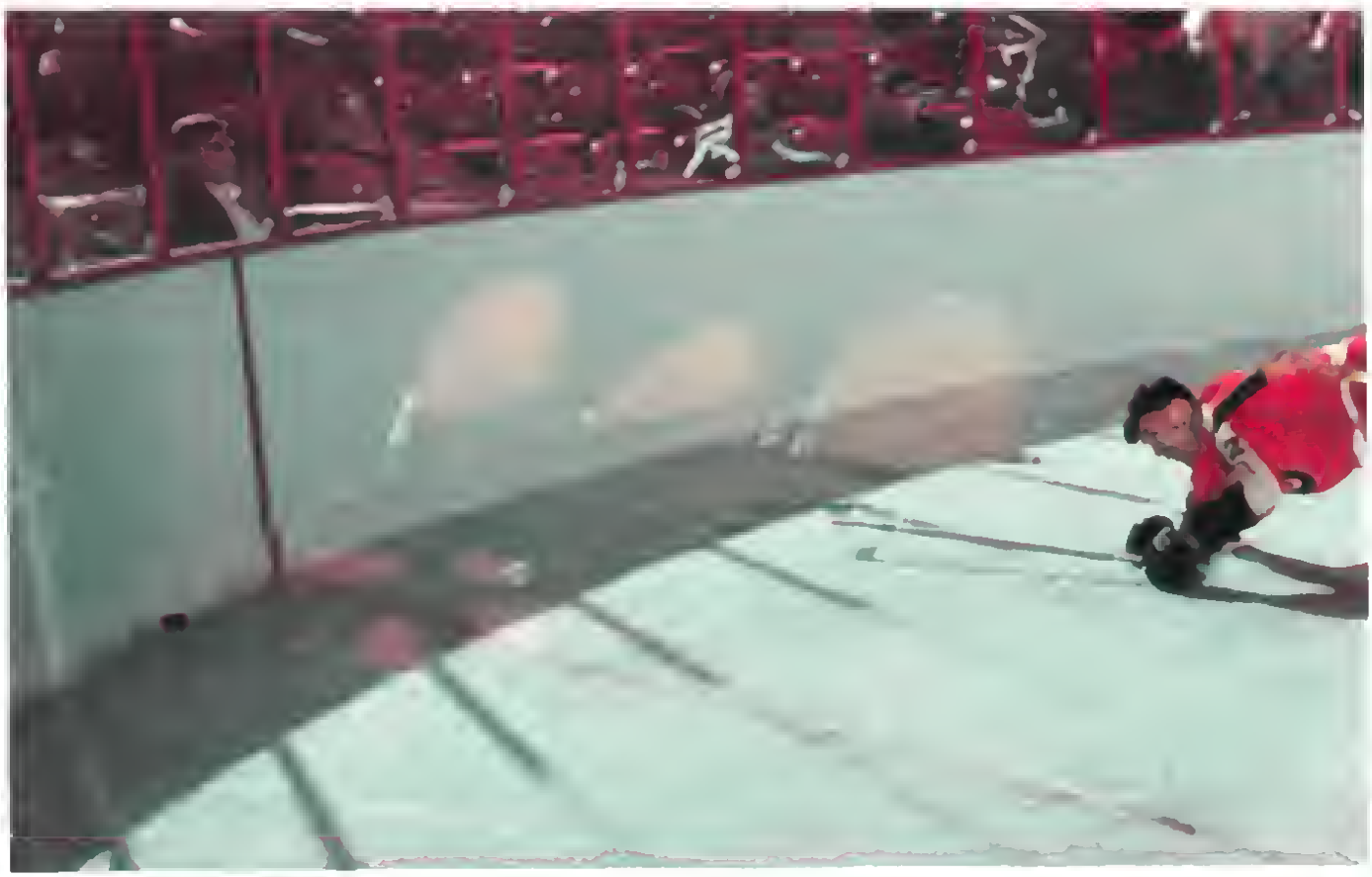
SOCKO HOCKEY *continued*

Louis 7,600, and both Los Angeles and Pittsburgh better than 6,000. The Philadelphia organization appeared to be faltering as the season began, but last week the Flyers were neck and neck with the Kings for the lead in the West and the club may become one of the most prosperous of all, simply because it offers victory to a town that loves a winner. Fans in the new Spectrum forget themselves and yell, "Come on, Ramblers, skate!" although the old Ramblers of the Eastern League folded three years ago. They also yell, "We're No. 1!" and as long as the Flyers are near the top the fans will keep shouting and buying tickets.

The crowds, in turn, may help the teams get even better. "Without people," says Flyer Goalie Bernie Parent, "you feel alone in the nets. A crowd like the one watching us against the Red Wings the other day picks you up. You play above yourself." The Flyers beat high-scoring Detroit 4–2 before their biggest crowd, 12,086. "The people can bring you to life," says Forward Bill Sutherland. "When nobody's there, you try to push yourself, and nothing happens."

Things have happened almost every time an expansion team has faced an older one. "Our guys are playing a closer checking game against the big boys," says Pittsburgh's Red Sullivan. "It may not be exciting, but it is effective." The established teams, on the other hand, have often been sloppy in their checking and their style of defense against the new clubs.

Those eager-beaver expansionists can play just as rough as any of the older teams. Here the Flyers' pugnacious Defender Ed Van Impe smacks



Defensaman Dave Amadio hand-fights St. Louis' Jim Roberts at goal mouth; and Philadelphia's Pat Hannigan fires toward Oakland's Kant Douglas.

The upsets are the result of more than close checking or letdowns by older clubs. "This is the first time many of these players ever had a real crack at the NHL," says Larry Regan, general manager of the Los Angeles Kings. "They know this is their big chance, and they're trying like hell." Regan's Kings, generally picked for last place, have tried so hard for Coach Red Kelly that they are giving Philadelphia a good battle for the West Division lead, and they have won five of 11 games with East Division rivals.

No one, however, had more to prove this season than the Bruins. Last year—that of the coming of Bobby Orr—was a nightmare. Orr was as good as everyone had said he would be, but by midseason the rest of the players seemed to be coming to the rink just to stand around and watch him. The Bruins desperately needed changes in personnel, in morale and in the front office. They began to get all of these things when Schmidt replaced Leighton (Hap) Emms as general manager.

It would be hard to find two men with more divergent attitudes and approaches to hockey. Schmidt, a Hall of Fame player and former coach, is frank and forceful, respected and popular. He is an astute hockey man but, more importantly, he knows how to deal with men who make their living in the big leagues. Emms, on the other hand, had long been a junior hockey executive, and sometimes the Bruins felt that he was treating them like captive bush-leaguers.

"He was a minor league guy," said Goalie Ed Johnston. "He could prob-

continued

into an Oakland man and goes sprawling after the puck (at extreme left) as the Seals' helmeted Charlie Burns comes charging into the action.

9

ably handle kids, but he sure didn't know how to work with guys who earn $20,000 at this game." When Sid Abel picked Ted Green to play in the All-Star Game, Emms announced publicly that he did not think Green deserved the honor. Emms also bickered with several players through the newspapers, making it rough for Harry Sinden to salvage anything out of the season.

"As soon as I took over," said Schmidt, "I spoke to each guy about what I wanted from him. I think morale and spirit have to begin in the front office." Veteran Wing Johnny McKenzie said, "I've been on a lot of teams, and I've never seen one with spirit like this."

Of course, the Bruins needed more than pep talks; they needed scorers, big, strong forwards who could shove their way in front of the goal and stay there. So Schmidt gave up his highly rated young defenseman, Gilles Marotte, and a clever center, Pit Martin, to get Esposito, Ken Hodge and Freddie Stanfield from Chicago. Then he sent Center Murray Oliver, no muscleman, to Toronto for Shack, the colorful, unpredictable wing, strong and snappish as a sled dog, whom Punch Imlach was anxious to unload. "I was gambling," said Schmidt. "I took a big chance letting Marotte go, but things have worked out just fine."

The trades worked partly because two young players, Don Awrey and Derek Sanderson, filled the holes at left defense and center. And all four of the new acquisitions fit beautifully into the Boston attack. Esposito, Shack and Hodge brought size and strength and Stanfield has been a superb playmaker for McKenzie and Johnny Bucyk.

With Stanfield's help, Bucyk, a notoriously slow starter, has been so hot that he is second only to Bobby Hull in scoring: on Saturday night against Chicago he broke Schmidt's own Boston goal-scoring record with his 230th, and later in the game he got No. 231. On Sunday he scored again amid the season's wildest stick- and fist-swinging as Boston beat Montreal 5–3 and pulled cleanly ahead of Toronto in the race. "There's much less pressure on me this season," says Bucyk. "This is the first year I don't pick up a paper once a week and read that I'm about to be traded."

While Stanfield sparked one line and Esposito and Hodge joined another, Sinden turned to Shack to lead a third one. "When he got here," says Sinden, "I told him we didn't need an entertainer. We needed a left wing. He said O.K. And he's turned out to be a big man for us."

And so, after his year of frustration, Sinden found himself with a team: three lines and two good goalies in Johnston and Cheevers—and a supporting cast that could complement Orr rather than lean on him. "For the first time," said Sinden last week, "Bobby can play a more sensible game. We don't have to keep looking for him to make the big play, to bring us back from behind. He can fit in on the team instead of trying to carry it by himself."

Bobby, playing like a veteran at 19, seems to improve all the time. "You watch him every night," said one Boston observer recently, "and you keep saying, 'There's the best play he's ever made.' Then you look again and he's doing something even better." Orr's reflexes and anticipation allow him to block many opponents' shots before they ever reach the goal. It is not unusual to see him block a hard shot with his legs, knock down the shooter and skate forward with the puck. Offensively he still has the heavy, accurate shot that excited the fans last year, and now he can set up more plays because he has more scorers playing with him.

Orr has matured rapidly off the ice, as well. He arrived in Boston calling the players "Mister" and "Sir." Now he talks and jokes with them and more and more is becoming their leader.

"You could see the difference in this team as soon as training camp started," Bobby said last week. "After one practice a few of us went out for a beer, and the whole team ended up in the same place. It's been that way all year. We go to the same places, we hang together as a group." Orr lives in an apartment with Defenseman Gary Doak and Assistant Trainer Frosty Forristall. Although he is two years too young to be legally admitted into some of Boston's more active singles' hangouts, he enjoys as much social life as you would expect a rugged-looking, good-natured, rich, famous, eligible, star athlete to enjoy.

But much of Bobby's fun comes just from being part of the team. "You can see that we're not very serious," he said after one recent workout, gesturing around the dressing room. Stanfield was tanning his face with a sunlamp. Esposito was berating Williams for his "American" long hair; others were laughing at a sign Cheevers had posted over Doak's locker, proclaiming him "second star" of the previous night's game—although Gary had played all of three minutes. Esposito interrupted his talk with Williams to give a short speech. "What a forechecker! What a shooter! What an all-round star!"

"You talking about Bobby Hull?" he was asked.

"*I'm talking about myself.*"

"See what I mean?" said Orr. "Nobody's very serious." To some Bruins, this kind of thing is a little new; to Esposito, who always expected to win when he was centering for Hull in Chicago, it is not. And that is why Phil means far more to the team than the goals he scores. He knows about pride and the kind of relaxed spirit that comes from winning. "I don't think the style of this team," he said in one moment of seriousness, "is very different from last year's Black Hawks."

You may recall that the Hawks won the NHL race by 17 points last year. The Bruins will not match that. They have a few weaknesses and they depend heavily on young players, who are more prone to go into slumps than the experienced men. They have an occasional sloppy night—and have lost three of the seven games they have played with expansion clubs. But they have gotten the jump on their rivals in the tight East Division race, and they are not likely to give it up in any overall collapse. They are talking about the playoffs as if they are already in them.

Leaving the dressing room one day last week, Williams stopped to talk to Schmidt about playoff bonus money. "Now is not the time to talk money," said Milt. "I have an office for that." "Sorry," said Williams, who has been with Boston seven years.

"I couldn't help myself," he said later. "I'm so excited. You know, I've never been so close to anything like this before." **END**

As Boston's John Bucyk (9) scores his 230th, record-breaking Bruin goal Saturday against Chicago, John McKenzie lifts his stick in exultation.

Taking advantage of an injudicious blitz, Oakland whipped San Diego and won the California State Championship of the AFL **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

ONE TITLE DOWN . . . TWO TO GO

If there was any question which team is the California State Champion of the American Football League, the matter was settled last Sunday in San Diego. For most people it had been made monumentally clear earlier this season that Oakland was No. 1 when the Raiders of the North smashed the Chargers of the South, 51-10. But there were those who needed further convincing. The Chargers, for example, refused to admit—at least within anyone's hearing—that they had been dominated. They admit it now. After Oakland's 41-21 win on a fine, bright afternoon in San Diego's new stadium, even Charger Quarterback John Hadl, an intelligent and reasonable man, confessed his club had been beaten by superior forces. There was little talk of errors or of freak plays sent down by the heavens. "Oakland," Hadl said, being absolutely honest about it, "has by far the best team in this league. It's as simple as that."

The setting for the game was such, however, that the obvious was camouflaged by the wishful. It was the big game of the year so far in the AFL, the game that would, in all likelihood, decide the Western Conference Championship, and hence the championship of the whole league. Each team had lost only once—San Diego to Oakland and Oakland to New York—and the air was full of assurances that a virgin encounter was coming up.

"Listen," said Raider Quarterback Daryle Lamonica, "no team in pro football is 41 points better than any other team. And the team that has been trounced by that large a score, that's a team to look out for the next time."

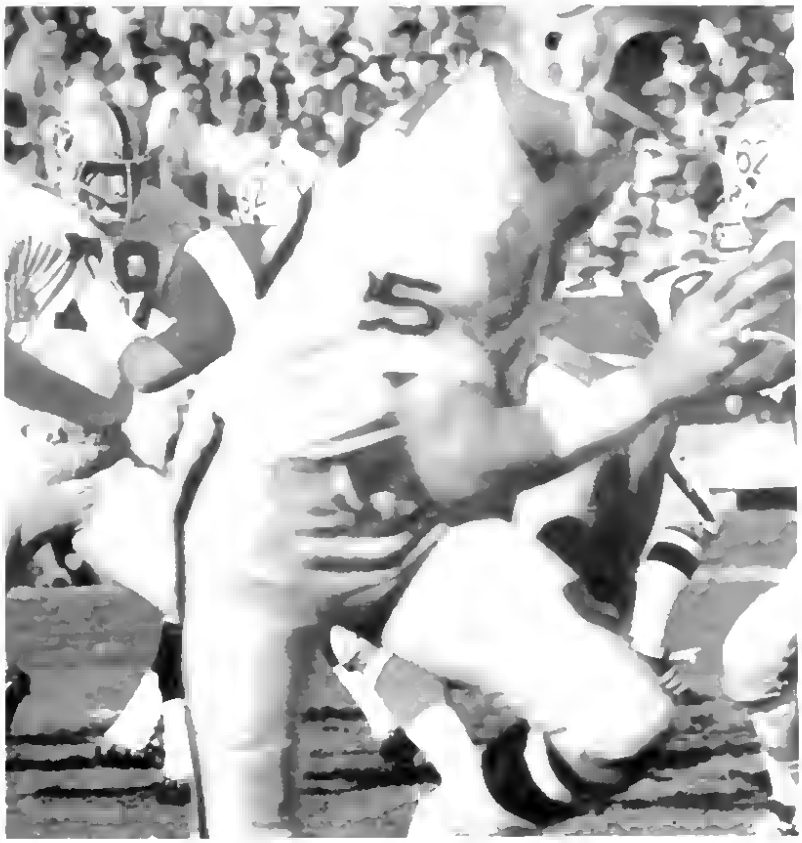
The Chargers had played the previous two games in a manner that had threatened to turn their second Oakland meeting into merely another workday. They survived against Kansas City, a team stricken with injuries and bad luck—the Chiefs started four series of downs inside the Charger 10 and got three points, used 10 plays inside the San Diego eight without scoring and tried five plays from the Charger one with no score—when Field-goal Kicker Jan Stenerud missed a routine 24-yarder in the last few seconds. Before that play, Charger Corner Back Speedy Duncan knelt and prayed. "Oh, Lord," Duncan said, "all I ask is that the best team wins, because I know that's us."

Four days later, on Thanksgiving, San Diego trailed Denver 20-10 in the fourth quarter when Duncan ran 72 yards for a touchdown after an attempted field goal was blocked. Shortly afterward Denver fumbled, and the Chargers scored again to stay alive in the division race.

With those games as background and with so much depending on the outcome of the Oakland rematch, Charger Coach Sid Gillman committed a heresy. He moved his team from San Diego to a training ground in Palm Springs because, as he said, it was raining at home. In San Diego, where only four baseball games have been rained out in 14 years, and where the press box in the new stadium is open air, one does not mention the word rain, and any moisture that falls is, to hear the Chamber of Commerce tell it, a gentle spray from the Pacific. But move Gillman did and forthwith began issuing statements, the psychological intent of which was somewhat less than subtle.

"This is a wonderful team," Gillman would say to the gathering herd of writers. "These kids don't know how terrific they are. I am sure they are going to play a wonderful game." About the 51-10 game he said, "That's forgotten. There are no feelings of inferiority. If anything, it makes us mad."

The Raiders, on the other hand, stuck with their usual approach, which is to make the opposing team sound fiercer than the Mongol hordes. In 10 games the Oakland defense had thrown antag-



Fiercely and effectively protected Raider Quarterback Daryle Lamonica drops back to pass

onist quarterbacks for losses no fewer than 60 times. That was partly because of the tough rush from Oakland's front four, and partly because Oakland's defensive backs are so good that the rushing linemen get an extra second or so while the quarterback is searching for a free receiver. But the word from Oakland continued to be that all those quarterbacks had merely stumbled and fallen and, furthermore, that Hadl had been thrown for measurable losses only six times all season.

Slowly San Diego fans began to believe that their team did indeed have better than a prayer. The stadium was sold out for the first time in its history. Lines formed outside the Charger office at 2 a.m. on Thursday for general admission and standing-room tickets that went on sale at 9. On Sunday afternoon, 52,661 people squeezed into the stadium and, for the first time at any AFL game, another 2,018 went into an auditorium to watch the Chargers and Raiders on closed-circuit TV.

For a town that has seen All Championship games played before empty seats, the timing was sensational. San Diego representatives were in Mexico City attempting to convince the National baseball league to expand into their city, and at last they could point to a crowd of people who were all in one arena rather than driving along the freeways. The stadium was strung with banners that said REVENGE! and ALWORTH-ROMNEY IN '68. Flanker Lance Alworth was bothered by a pulled calf muscle, but he had suited up and was saying he was ready, and the Chargers intended to work on the Oakland linebackers by throwing passes to fast little Halfback Dick Post, an excellent receiver and a dangerous runner on sweeps against every team but Oakland. Defensively, the Chargers determined to plunge into a headlong blitz.

To Lamonica, who has matured and improved tremendously in his first opportunity as a starting quarterback after four years as a backup man in Buffalo, San Diego's blitzes and odd defenses overshifted toward the wide side of the field, were as welcome as an abalone dinner. He hit Fred Biletnikoff on an 18-yard touchdown pass early in the game. After Hadl tied the score on a quarterback sneak following a 60-yard pass to Gary Garrison, Oakland got a field goal and, then, with third down and less than a foot to go, Lamonica lobbed a pass to Billy Cannon, who was utterly neglected by the San Diego defense. Cannon ambled 64 yards for a touchdown.

Hadl came back with a 57-yard touchdown pass to the remarkable Alworth who had reinjured his left leg and had retired to the locker room for a deadening shot into the muscle. It was the 100th touchdown pass of Hadl's career, but soon thereafter Alworth was useless as a deep receiver because he had lost his special acceleration. And Post, the receiver counted on in the game plan, had hurt his knee. Lamonica threw a touchdown pass to Bill Miller and foiled a San Diego blitz by dumping a pass that Fullback Hewritt Dixon carried 48 yards to set up another score. Hadl threw a touchdown pass to Garrison, who made a superb catch, and Oakland led at the half, 31-21.

In the first half Oakland had 308 yards on offense and San Diego had 269. Hadl passed for 200 yards and Lamonica for 232. In the second half the Chargers abandoned their blitz, which had cost them two touchdowns, and Oakland began to play the sort of defense it is noted for. The Chargers never scored again and, while their defense was improved, Lamonica did get another touchdown on a pass to Cannon. Lamonica's 26th touchdown pass of the year. Oakland completed the scoring on George Blanda's second field goal.

The temper of the afternoon was such that Oakland Coach John Rauch, ordinarily a quiet American, got two unsportsmanlike-conduct penalties for yelling at officials, and Gillman got one. Later, Rauch was his usual restrained self, although he could not help exulting a bit about his Raiders, who rate with last year's Kansas City club as the two best teams the AFL has ever produced. "We're the best team in the league," Rauch said, smiling.

Hadl agreed, although he was not conceding the championship just yet. "They execute well and don't make mistakes," he said, "and that's how you win. After the effort today, they could let down, but the trouble is that Oakland is so good it can win anyhow. We still have a mathematical chance in the Western Division. If we win our last three games, we'll be 11-2-1, and that's not bad, is it?"

No, but with a game-and-a-half lead, the Raiders seem to have the Western Conference Championship and a Super Bowl date assured. That is bad if you are a Charger. **END**

A COUPLE OF COMING-OUT PARTIES

Rick Mount and Calvin Murphy made their debuts in losing causes, but both were smashers. Rick's Purdue team nearly upset champion UCLA and Calvin scored 41 for Niagara

by JOE JARES and CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Almost simultaneously last Saturday night, in Niagara Falls, N.Y. and near the banks of the Wabash in West Lafayette, Ind., Calvin Murphy and Rick Mount, respectively, American folk heroes before they ever got out of high school, started their college varsity basketball careers. Both were surrounded by the kind of hoopla and razzmatazz that used to be associated with the launching of great oceangoing liners. No one would have been too surprised if champagne bottles had been broken over their heads before they ran out onto the courts for the first time. Murphy, the 5′10″ guard from Norwalk, Conn., had averaged 49 points a game with the Niagara freshmen. He could actually dunk the ball, he twirled a baton at home games of the Buffalo Bills. Mount, the blond, 6′4″ guard from little Lebanon, Ind., had averaged 35 points a game for Purdue's freshmen. He was All-Indiana three straight years in high school and the state's Mr. Basketball in 1966.

Such heralded debuts easily could have turned into disasters, with the huge puffs of publicity punctured and leaking phony reputations all over the place. But Murphy and Mount, both playing in losing causes, proved on this special Saturday night that their high repute was merited. Their mamas will have to lay in new supplies of scraphooks.

The amazing Calvin scored 41 against Long Island University. Rick hit 28 against national champion UCLA as he and his talented teammates came within a silly millimeter of upsetting the Lew Alcindor-led Bruins. And he did it with an awkward metal plate in one of his all-star low cuts.

On the Purdue campus in West Lafayette, the combination of Mount's debut, the appearance of Alcindor and Co. and the unveiling of the $6 million Purdue Arena attracted a horde of writers and broadcasters from the big cities and the alfalfa fields. There were reporters from the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Bluffton News-Banner*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and the *LaPorte Herald-Argus* and so on, right down, or up, to the *Lebanon Reporter* (of course). 30 papers in all, plus live color TV to Indianapolis and L.A., four radio broadcasts, a legion of photographers and four cameramen filming for TV news shows. All 14,123 seats had been taken for the season, including almost $9,000 worth by Lebanon people, some of whom had never missed one of Rick's games. With all the clickety-clacking, whirring, play-by-play yakking, band music and cheering, it was a wonder John Purdue didn't wake up in his grave over by University Hall.

He would have enjoyed the spectacle. Rick Mount came out on that stained-gray maple floor and you could see those happy Lebanese over in section 13 counting his warmup shots, right up to 27 out of 46, most of them long jump shots. Very few people in the world throw in long jumpers like Rick Mount, Calvin Murphy maybe, and a few fellows in the pros. Pleased as the home folks were to see The Rocket, as some call him, playing for Purdue, 39 miles from Lebanon, they worried about Rick's handicap.

Mount injured himself on October 27, at the end of the second week of practice, breaking the fifth metatarsal bone attached to the little toe of his left foot. If it had been his right hand that was broken, Coach George King would have thrown himself off the top of the Veterinary Research Animal Housing Facility, which, contrary to campus rumor, is not where the football players live. Rick's foot was put in a cast, and he missed more than three weeks of practice.

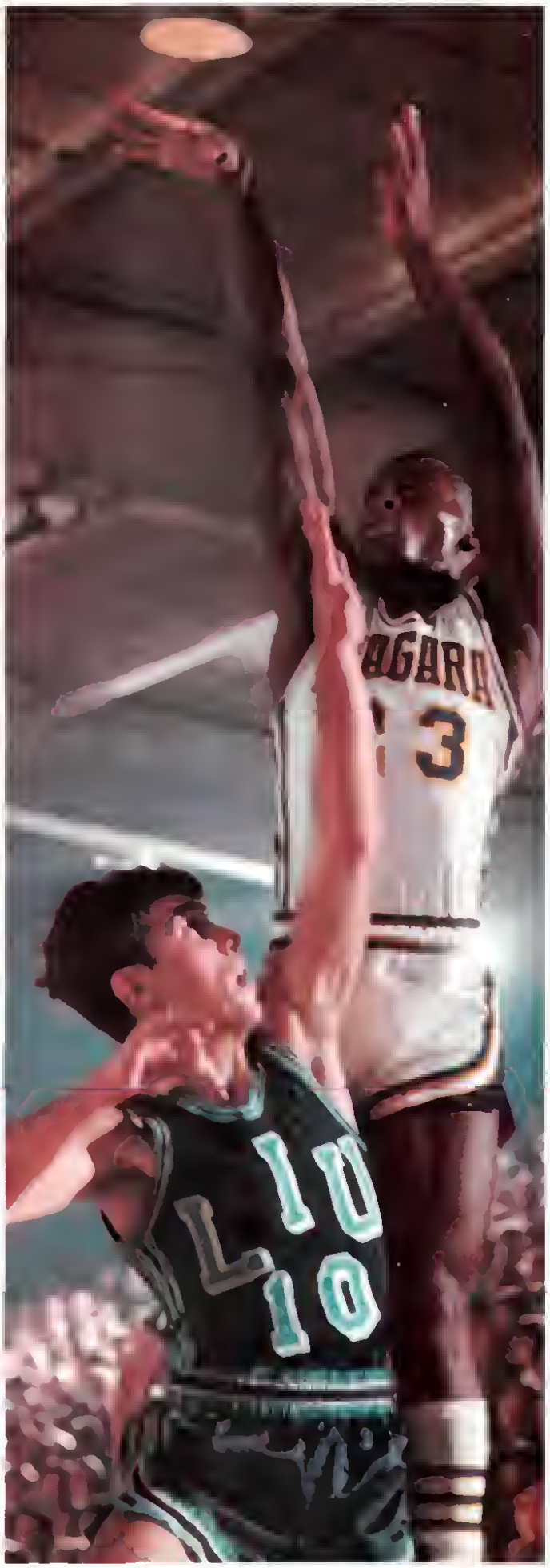
It is common for such an injury to cause a victim pain for six to nine months, meaning Mount will be bothered all season and beyond. When he returned to workouts, the Purdue trainer and a local orthopedic surgeon supplied him with an aluminum innersole that took away about 90% of the foot's flexibility and kept the mended metatarsal from "wiggling around." Mount hobbled up and down the court like a semicripple and lost much of his spring, but in experiments without the metal plate he could not last five minutes even in simple drills.

Coach King prepared his team beautifully for UCLA. Because Mount had missed so much practice, he installed a simple offense that provided perimeter shots for Rick and two fine juniors, Herm Gilliam and Bill Keller. Rick made 11 of 27, and Gilliam, the best all-round player on the floor, made 10 of 17. On defense, King had his 7′ sophomore, Chuck Bavis, and 6′6½″ Roger Blalock play in front and in back of Alcindor and ordered them to keep the ball away from him at all costs. They did a good job. Lew received very few passes. A zone defense helped Mount, who could not backpedal. He would have been helpless playing man-to-man. Also, the Boilermakers applied their own version of UCLA's feared full court zone press, forcing 10 Bruin turnovers in the first half.

Rick was red hot at the beginning, and UCLA's senior forwards, Mike Lynn and Edgar Lacey, both returning after layoffs of a year, looked rusty. They did not zoom to the boards for the rebounds. UCLA Coach Johnny Wooden pulled them out of the game and did not put them back in until near the end. Before they knew it, the Boilermakers led 33-26. That seven-point margin was the farthest UCLA had been behind in 31 games, or since Lew joined the varsity.

The Bruins, led by Guard continued

In the clear as Purdue beats UCLA's press, Rick Mount has an easy shot while safety man Lew Alcindor is limited to a possible rebound.


3
10
10

Lucius Allen, regained the lead by half time and went ahead by as much as 12 in the second half before Purdue, accompanied by the loudest din since D-day, went on an astonishing streak during which it outscored UCLA 15 to 4. Mount hit a jump shot to make it 68–71, and Gilliam scored on a right-hand hook against Alcindor to make it 70–71. The mighty Bruins, who were supposed to waltz undefeated to three consecutive NCAA titles, were on the ropes

With less than a minute left, Mount was fouled. UCLA's Lacey made a vehement gesture to the referee and got slapped with a technical. Rick was to take the regular foul shot first. If he made the first he would have a try for a second He missed, which folk heroes are not supposed to do Zero points instead of a possible two. But he made the free throw for the technical to tie the game, and it was still Purdue's ball with 29 seconds left. Who should take the last shot? The Rocket, naturally He dribbled to the right corner, with Bill Sweek guarding him closely, and took a jump shot with 14 seconds left. It missed, and just before the buzzer Sweek, who had been the ball-stealing hero of UCLA's overtime win against USC last season, sank a long shot to win the game 73–71.

At Niagara, Coach Jim Maloney had drilled his players just as carefully, though somewhat differently For a good part of every practice day they would stand around the key like toy soldiers on parade. They lined up two by two on either side of the lane, and then, click-click, they would crisscross or come together or spread out or set the pick and go to the board Like wind-up men they would practice the one-four offense in preparation for Murphy's debut, first lining up to wait for Calvin's move, then marking time and, in cadence, moving with him. It was a beautiful idea—sharp, precise drill-team basketball. Calvin was going to lead the country in scoring with drill-team basketball.

Of course, Calvin Murphy will never be a drill-team man His game is run and run and bombs away, and last Saturday he burst upon college basketball running, bombing, dribbling and jumping all over the Niagara student center. There was just one hitch. Niagara lost 84–79.

The outcome was not that much of a surprise. LIU had won 20 games last season before turning down an NIT bid for a trip to the NCAA College Division Tournament instead. The Blackbirds are a poised, extremely well-coached team, with two outstanding players in Guard Larry Newbold and Center Luther Green, and they may very well be the best team in the New York metropolitan area this season. For his game with Niagara, Coach Roy Rubin figured on Murphy getting his points. He wanted to stop the rest of the Purple Eagles Unfortunately, except for Murphy, the Eagles played like Purple Dodos.

Though weak on the boards and never really getting its fast break to move, Niagara took a 39–38 lead at the half, with Murphy hitting for 17, mostly from outside Now, outside for Calvin is not your everyday outside. It is more like outdoors Most of his baskets were from 25 feet or more, and he had LIU frantically switching defenders and defensive alignments.

But in the second half Rubin settled on a combination two-three matchup zone defense with all the front men helping out on Calvin. It didn't do much good, for Murphy went into his human gyroscope act, spinning and whirling over every foot of the court. He scored from all distances and angles, once firing off balance from the hip to give Niagara a 10 point lead at 59–49 LIU, however, had Newbold slow everything down and, with Green destroying Niagara's 6′8″ Manny Leaks underneath, came back to tie Murphy hit his 36th point with eight minutes left to give Niagara its last lead of the game But he was able to shoot only five times after that, a curious circumstance that was hardly his own fault and one that may have determined the final result In the Niagara locker room, after shooting 18 for 35 with six rebounds and seven assists, Calvin Murphy sat down and cried for 10 solid minutes. The emotional vent was undoubtedly opened by a lot more than the score Circumstances over the past few months had combined to exert pressures on Murphy far beyond those normally associated with superstar beginnings.

Last summer Murphy's freshman coach, Ed Donohue, who had grown closer to him than anyone in the community, was fired for reasons not satisfactory to Calvin or his teammates The incident caused talk that the university, a Roman Catholic institution founded by the Vincentian Fathers, would now tend toward discriminatory recruiting practices. Student activists began calling for the end of suspected race quotas, to alter an enrollment that now shows six Negroes out of 2,500, and last week a professor's article in the school paper chastised both the students for desiring Negroes only because they wanted a winning team of "black Eagles" and the administration for "evasive responses."

Calvin Murphy does not like to show it, but all of this was beginning to bother him. Added pressure and perhaps fatigue were provided by reporters and photographers, who followed him everywhere for two weeks. Friday night Calvin passed up a campus concert by the Lovin' Spoonful for a steak dinner downtown His natural effervescence was being curbed by oncoming tension He was asked, seriously, how many points he would be satisfied with. "I'd like for us to win and for me to get 40," he said. "I just don't think I'd like anything under uuhhh, say, 25. Yes, 25. I don't think I want to be under 25." Forty-three the school paper had said; 45 another diner said "Sounds decent," Calvin Murphy said.

The next evening, with 4½ minutes remaining in his first varsity game, Murphy scored from deep in the right corner to tie the game at 74 He had his 40 points, but with time running out and Niagara in trouble, his teammates mysteriously forgot about him. Murphy got to touch the ball three times from then on, and there is nothing decent about that.

So which sophomore, Murphy or Mount, is better? Murphy is no doubt quicker and probably is better all-round, but he does not have to share the shooting on his team all the time Critics say that all Mount can do is shoot Sure, and all Sonny Jurgensen can do is pass. If Rick keeps bombing the baskets despite his handicap, his metal plate might someday be engraved and enshrined in the Basketball Hall of Fame, right next to Calvin's baton. **END**

Spinning and whirling, going over the rim when necessary, Calvin Murphy shot and scored from all angles until he stopped getting the ball

JIMMY ELLIS GETS HIS OWN SHOW

He was always the other heavyweight from Louisville. Saturday he emerged from the shadow of Muhammad Ali, ignored some advice from his former boss and used his own devices to beat Oscar Bonavena by MARK KRAM

Charlie Goldman was always dealt the big kids, the ones with the wild hands and stone legs. He gave them a hook and, with the patience of a dancing master, made their legs move, and nobody ever did his job better than Charlie Goldman. He is not in business anymore because the big kids stopped coming around. So, at 79 and in poor health, Goldman no longer is seen in his battered derby hat leaning over ropes and whispering into empty heads apothegms like "Always finish with a left hook because dat leaves ya set to start another series of punches." Or "Don't buy nothin' on the street especially diamonds."

Goldman could never forget Rocky Marciano, whom he shaped out of nothing. Rubbing his gnarled little hands, the product of more than 300 fights, he acted always as if he wanted to reach out and build another Marciano. Finally along came Oscar Bonavena. "Yeah, look at him," said Charlie, his eyes alive. "He's clumsy like Rocky was in the beginning." Goldman never had to worry about Bonavena buying diamonds on the street, but he could never even nick the lumber between Oscar's ears. Eventually, Bonavena fired Goldman, dismissing him as just a feebleminded old dreamer.

Saturday afternoon in Louisville, with the sensitivity of a mountebank, Bonavena dedicated his fight with Jimmy Ellis to Charlie Goldman. The fight was the first semifinal match of the World Boxing Association's heavyweight elimina-

Exhibiting his fluid style, Jimmy Ellis chops down hard with a right on the forehead of Oscar Bonavena in the third round. As the referee

tion tournament. It drew 3,000 people, and the vast Freedom Hall at the Kentucky Fair and Exposition Center was really just a television studio. Even so, the bout provided Ellis and Bonavena with $75,000 each and it demonstrated once again that Bonavena, who sometimes resembles a runaway beer truck, is paid more for courage than for talent.

Conveniently for the promoters, the tournament is now rid of Oscar Natalio Bonavena, among others, and everything is falling neatly into place for Sports Action Inc., ABC television, the sponsors, and the World Boxing Association, a band of confused bunglers who authorized the tournament. Ernie Terrell, a guitar player who is box-office poison, was eliminated, and then Floyd Patterson, the ever-popular Captain Ahab of boxing, got his. Sports Action has not made a dime out of its caper yet, but ABC's ratings have been quite high, thus allowing the W.B.A. to proclaim itself the savior of boxing. The promoters of each fight, except for the one bout in Germany, are not proclaiming anything.

Artistically, the tournament has been just palatable. The first two fights in Houston, Ellis vs. Leotis Martin and Terrell vs. Thad Spencer, were good, solid performances. The third bout, Bonavena vs. Karl Mildenberger, removed the German contender. The fourth match, between Jerry Quarry and Patterson, was interesting only because of Quarry, who has inspired spectators to bet not so much on his ability as on the round in which he will begin to run away.

Last week's production was hardly memorable. Ellis, a sort of picture fighter, did the best he could with Bonavena, a difficult opponent who has no style and does not fight from a right-handed or left-handed stance. Ellis did succeed in following his fight plan, which was not exactly what Muhammad Ali advised. Early on Saturday Ellis picked up the phone and it was Ali on the other end saying, "We goin' to dance, baby, dance." Ellis told his old friend, for whom he once was a sparring partner, "I'll dance, but not like you. There's more than one way to win a fight."

Ellis was going to move a little, slip, slide and wallop. The idea was to work everything off a stiff straight jab while keeping the short-armed Bonavena at a safe distance. Ellis did just that in the early rounds and owned Bonavena. "I expected Oscar to come out fast, but Bonavena kept backing up so I just went out and took charge," he explained. The first punch Ellis threw in round 1 discouraged the Argentinean. It was a left hook that came close, but missed.

Bonavena did not need the message translated. He was impressed by the power of the punch, and chose to back up. With two-thirds of round 3 over, Ellis caught Bonavena high on the temple with a right-hand chop, but, as at various other times during the fight, he could not find the second *continued*

waves Ellis to a neutral corner. Bonavena slowly sinks to canvas. Then, his face masked in dull pain, the Argentinean struggles to rise

punch the finisher Bonavena slipped down, then rose to survive the round.

Ellis began to neglect his jab in the fifth and sixth rounds. Instead of snapping it out fully extended, he merely flicked his hand. Without the jab to contend with, Bonavena came rushing in low, battering Ellis with clumsy combinations. Ellis suffered little damage, simply because he either spun Bonavena or folded on top of him. He did however, acquire a couple of bruises, one on the point of his right hip and the other on the inside of his thigh.

Tiring somewhat in the eighth, Ellis took a butt over the left eyelid, which later needed seven stitches. Because of his fatigue, he started lying inside too long. "Bop, bop, bop Jimmy," shrieked Angelo Dundee, his manager. "get the hell outta there Jimmy."

From the ninth on Bonavena went after the cut, but Ellis protected the wound (it was not deep) by grabbing in close and keeping his eye to the right on the outside of Bonavena's body. The tactic allowed Bonavena to score to the body, which was not as serious an inroad as it might have been since the Argentinean is not effective to the body. Still, Bonavena was on his way to winning the 10th when, near the ropes, he walked into a jolting left hook that sent him sagging to the floor. Bonavena recovered, seemed to slip, and then stumbled to the center of the ring. In the 11th, he thundered out after Ellis who was moving in slow motion. His punches had no zing to them, but Bonavena, now the aggressor, was no longer strong either. He did hurt Ellis, who lay on the ropes and looked absently into the lights as Bonavena fiercely attempted to beat him to the body. Dundee berated his fighter in the corner after that round, and in the 12th Ellis jarred Bonavena with a short hook, and then seemed to hold him up. "Let him fall," screamed Chickie Ferrara, an Ellis corner man. "let the big ape drop."

It was not the first time Ellis appeared to hold Bonavena up. "Three times," said Dundee, "he does it. A bad habit. He's got to learn to let them fall."

There are several other habits Ellis must unload. He is a bad listener (meaning he does not follow instructions from his corner), and he concentrates too often on throwing one punch. "After the first knockdown," said Ellis, "I went one-punch crazy. I set nothing up." Ellis can be faulted, too, for what appears to be either a poor sense of pace or a tendency to tire easily. "It's not a physical thing," said Dundee. "He's had all sorts of tests made, and he's all right. It's a mental thing, and we'll work on it until Jimmy's kicked the problem."

Despite these failings, Jimmy Ellis appears to be the best performer in the tournament, and a solid bet the rest of the way. He has style, is certain of his moves, rips hard with either hand and takes a good whack. But Dundee may have difficulty freeing Ellis from his hang-up, making him believe that he is a special person and no longer the flop who fought the best middleweights during the early '60s and took unbeatable punishment trying to make the weight. More than anything, though, Dundee must make Ellis believe that he is no longer the professional sparring partner, Muhammad Ali's shadow.

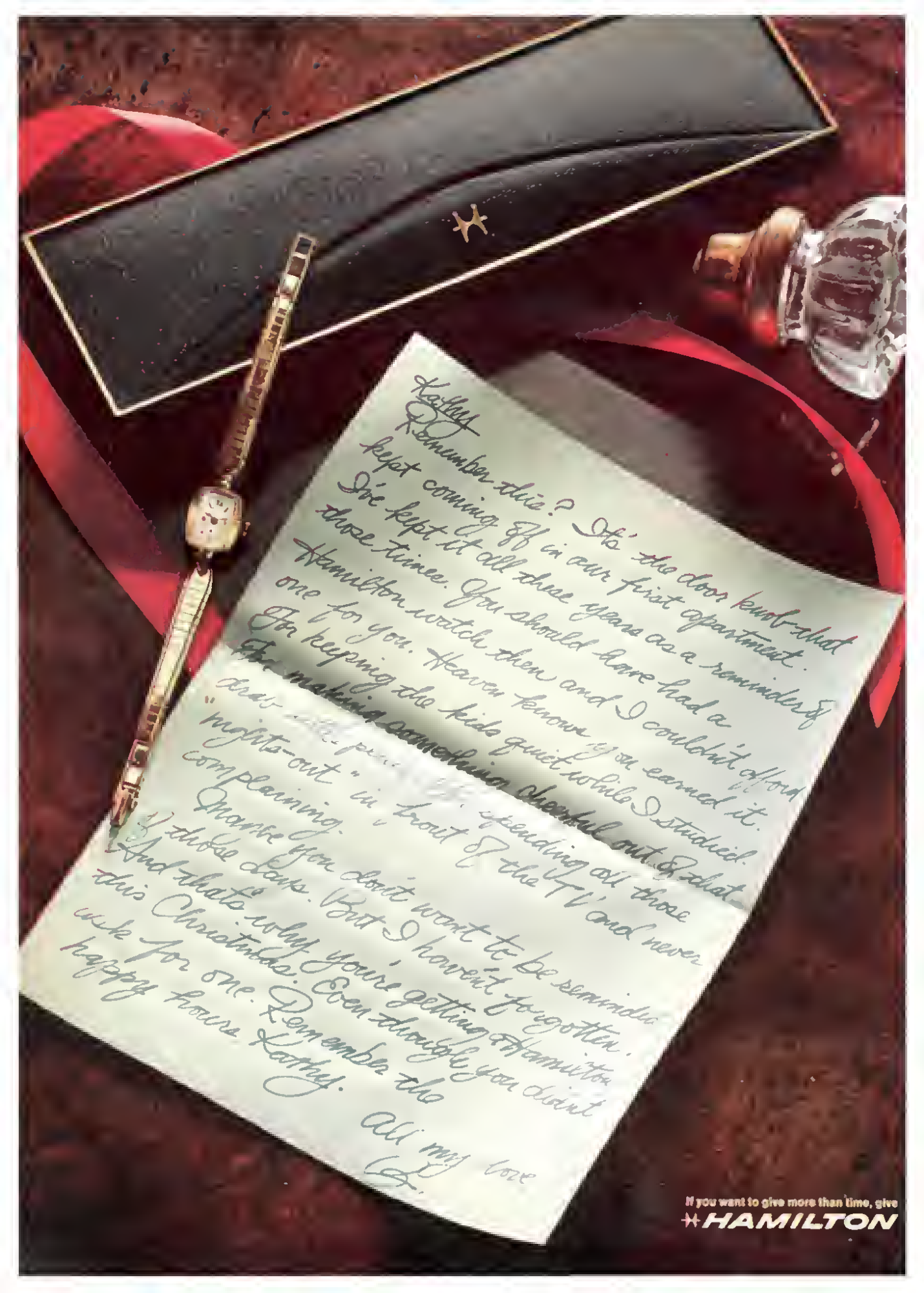
The rules of a sparring partner's conduct came easily to Ellis, but they are the kind of rules that have to mark any man who has pride. Soon the sparring partner has no identity, and he becomes a part of the scene, like the smell of wet gloves or a heavy bag. The sparring partner does not punch the light bag or skip rope while the champion is on stage. He does not interject any comment when the press is talking to the champ. He must not look for reporters but let them seek him out and, when asked a question, always remember who provides the bread and pitch for the champ. Also, he must respect the champ's privacy and position, and sit with the champ or go places with him only when asked. With Ali, Jimmy Ellis knew his place.

continued

Awkward and retreating, Bonavena nevertheless clocks Ellis with a stinging right

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY | 86 PROOF | GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO , NEW YORK, N Y

Go ahead.
Spend the extra few dollars.
It's Christmas, isn't it?


Kathy
Remember this? It's the door knob that
kept coming off in our first apartment.
I've kept it all these years as a reminder of
those times. You should have had a
Hamilton watch then and I couldn't afford
one for you. Heaven knows you earned it.
For keeping the kids quiet while I studied.
For making sometimes cheerful out of that
dreary little place. For spending all those
nights-out" in front of the TV and never
complaining.
Maybe you don't want to be reminded
of those days. But I haven't forgotten.
And that's why you're getting Hamilton
this Christmas. Even though you don't
like for me. Remember the
happy hours Kathy.
All my love
Ed.
If you want to give more than time, give
HAMILTON

He was the very model of a proper sparring partner.

"It was Ali's show," says Ellis. "He paid me well and treated me good. It was not my way to brag." Ellis did not have to boast because Ali did that for him, which was standard Ali, his bragging about Ellis reflected greater glory on his own limitless abilities. "Jimmy Ellis," Ali repeated often, "could beat any heavyweight in the world today but me—and he is my sparring partner."

Though the relationship between Ali and Ellis was not strained, it did not cut deep. They were never close friends. The two men belonged to different worlds, and their association really only existed because of their common boyhood in Louisville. Ali is driven by more sophisticated dreams than is Ellis. For the most part, Ellis has remained untouched by the same world and social revolution that Ali embraced and then helped to make. Certainly, there is evidence to show that Ali sought to protect his friend, he ordered the Muslims to leave Ellis alone, and little or no pressure was applied to convert him to the faith. Still, Ellis was to some degree suspect by association. Ellis thought that he might have to quit the Ali camp because of it. He discussed the problem with his father, a Baptist minister.

"I told him not to worry," says his father. "It was not important what he was accused of as long as he was certain in his own mind of who he was and what he stood for, and this has never been a problem for James."

"We were friends as kids and we are friends today," says Ellis. "Even in camp he didn't run with me, but still he helped. But we are entirely different people. His world ain't mine and mine ain't certainly his."

Privately, Ellis has always believed he could beat Ali, but he refuses to say much on the subject. His new identity is still quite strange to him, and occasionally he wonders how it will feel to be a champion. "I can't imagine how it will be," he says. "It's like a dream to me. A man wants, a man works. He hopes, but nothing ever comes. But now I know it will happen."

If the title ever does become a reality, Ellis will wear it gracefully. He is an easy man to like, not because of his humility or because he is the tenor in the Riverview Spiritual Singers of Louisville, Ky., but because he works at his mean business and he is never out to cop a plea, despite the fact that his has been a tortuous trip up from the bottom.

"When I fought Georgie Benton in Philly," he says, "I got a split-decision loss. It was the fourth one. I got $500 and a lot of equipment for the fight [a good purse for Ellis in those days]. But I was going to quit. I was bitter, for the first time. I didn't go near the gym for four months. It wasn't the loss, but what I had to go through. It was hard, harder than I ever let on to anyone. I'd get up every morning at four, run, shower, eat breakfast, go to work and handle a jackhammer for eight to 12 hours, come home, go to the gym, spar, work out. Tired? I was nothing but tired and for what? No money, split decisions. No, it didn't make sense. So my wife told me to write to Angelo Dundee. I did."

The letter read:

"I am thinking of quitting boxing, but before I do I would like one more shot to see if I could make it. I'd like to sign with a good manager in New York, if you do not think you have the time to handle my career. I hope you will be able to help me.

Jimmy Ellis

P.S. Heeeeeeeeeelp."

Ellis, of course, got help, and his next fight, the final match of the tournament, will be for $125,000. Oscar Bonavena had all the help he needed, but he never really believed there might be a boxing mind comparable to his own, and so he ignored the man who had seen in him the promise of another Marciano. One can still hear Goldman, who worked long hours to make his dream come true.

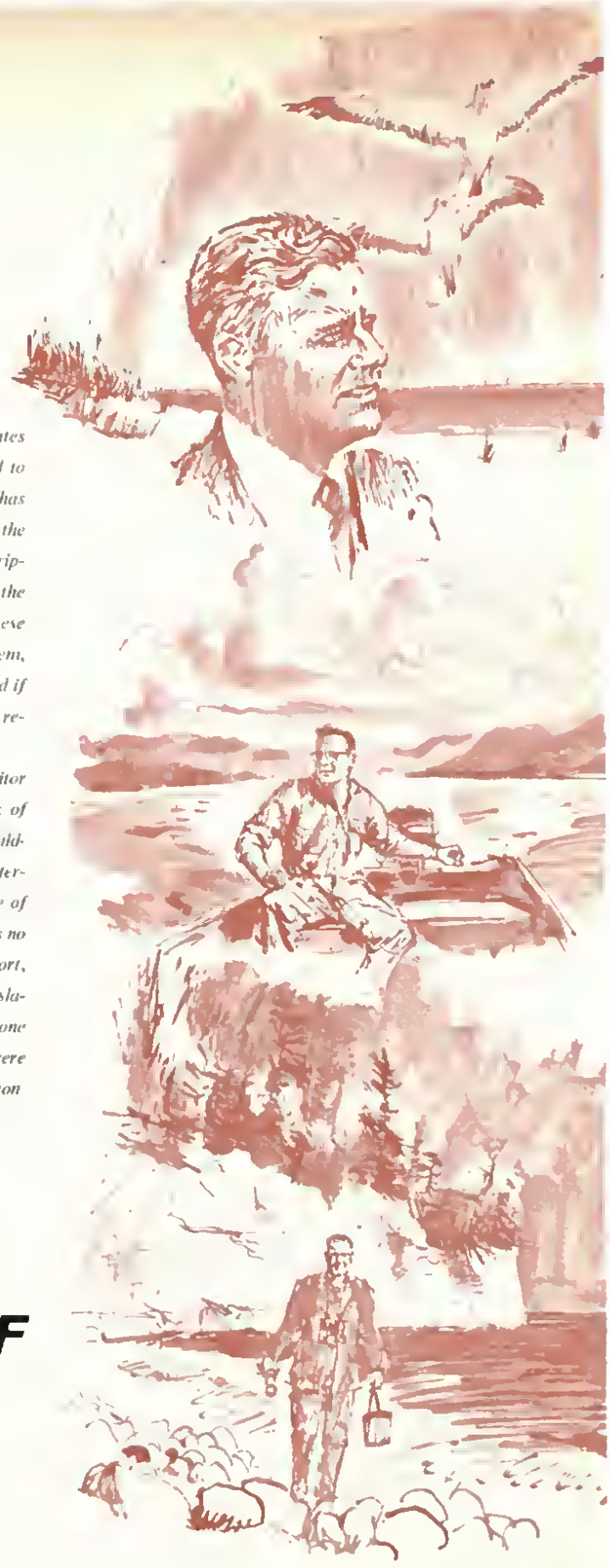
"Don't follow his head fakes, watch his body. That's it. Fake with your body, not just the head. Beautiful. Beautiful. Jab. Jab. Feint. Hook behind the jab. Now the straight right. Now, the jab. Beautiful."

Or, he told Bonavena:

"I told you not to smile in the ring. Number one, you need all the people on your side and they don't like smart alecks. But that don't matter so much as the udder ting. I told you why Sonny Liston don't smile in the ring? Years ago he was smilin' in a fight, the guy hit him and broke his jaw. When you smile, your mouth's open. People smile in the ring and they get broken jaws."

And people who smile at Charlie Goldman's advice get broken up. They also lose tournaments. **END**

As an alternate fragrance, try JADE EAST or Jade East GOLDEN LIME



One of the most serious problems facing the United States today is the use of the environment, especially in regard to the conservation of wildlife resources. This magazine has often reported on threats to these values, among them the dredging of oyster reefs in Galveston Bay, the plan to strip-mine in the North Cascades and the scheme to convert the Hudson River into an electric storage battery. All these threats, and all the conservation battles resulting from them, have one thing in common—they need never have occurred if there had been sound guidelines and policies to protect resources from indiscriminate abuse.

With this in mind Sports Illustrated assigned Senior Editor Robert H. Boyle and various correspondents to the task of discovering what measures are needed to insure that our wildlife resources will not be impaired, compromised or obliterated, either wholesale or piecemeal. The issue is not one of "people or ducks." Progress is people and *ducks. There is no reason why we cannot have both. In compiling this report, Boyle and SI's correspondents interviewed scientists, legislators and conservationists across the country. Not everyone made the same points—but certain common themes were struck. These recommendations merit strong consideration.*

HOW TO STOP THE PILLAGE OF AMERICA

Many of our present environmental difficulties can be attributed to the fact that no single person, agency, bureau or department in the Federal Government has an overall view of what is happening to our land and waters. No one is providing any sense of direction or continuity. Action on a problem comes, if at all, only in response to disaster or after persistent clamor by concerned citizens. Sporadic White House interest in "natural beauty" is so superficial as to be dangerous. The public is gulled into thinking problems are being met. Natural beauty is cosmetics conservation. Instead of applying pancake makeup to the landscape, we should be stopping cancer.

• An essential first step would be establishment by *Congress of a National Council of Ecological Advisers.* This council would offer recommendations for the improvement of the environment and the use of resources and draw attention to threats that might be overlooked—or even posed—by partisan interests, such as the Federal Power Commission or the Defense Department. The council would take a broad view and yet not hesitate to deal with specifics. The council, in brief, should have complete freedom of inquiry and suggestion. It should be able to sound an alarm over the manufacture and sale of detergents or question the approach, say, of the current Appalachia program, in which millions of dollars are being spent on highways for the region instead of on reclamation of the degraded lands and waters (the reclamation project would provide as many or more jobs for the impoverished residents of the area). Ideally, the council should include senior scientists who have shown independent and thoughtful concern for the affairs of mankind, such as René Dubos of the Rockefeller University, Lionel A. Walford of the Fish and Wildlife Service, S. Dillon Ripley, secretary of the Smithsonian, A. Starker Leopold of the University of California, Paul Sears of Yale or Robert Cushman Murphy of the American Museum of Natural History. This nucleus would be supplemented by conservationists, such as David Brower of the Sierra Club, Richard Pough, past president of The Nature Conservancy, Rod Vandivert of Scenic Hudson, and a landscape architect, a historian perhaps and representatives from industry, labor and agriculture. There should be no room for the scientific hack or the politician just turned out of office and looking for a new slot at the public trough. Precedent exists for the establishment of such an

continued

SOME OF THE LEADERS in the movement to halt the despoliation of our land and waters are (*clockwise, from upper left*) Irving Like, David Brower, Joseph Mihursky, Philip H. Lewis Jr., Rod Vandivert.

organization in the Council of Economic Advisers, which has proved influential.

- State legislatures would do well to establish similar conservation councils of their own. All too often state governments have complained when the Federal Government finally moved in to stop a long-standing abuse. It is time state governments assumed responsible positions. There is no more time for excuses. With the exception of a few states—for instance, Massachusetts and Wisconsin (their efforts are noted below)—most states have refused to recognize environmental problems.
- An ecological inventory of the United States should be conducted both by the Federal Government and the 50 states, down to the town level. This inventory should list all natural resources, ponds, lakes, streams, agricultural lands, forests, wetlands, parks and preserves, along with notations about their value or uniqueness. Information of this sort, essential to any rational use or planning, is not now available. The information gathered should be evaluated, coded and computerized. A power company seeking a site could then be offered a number of locations where the plant would not inhibit the spawning, say, of salmon or striped bass, and scientists who are interested in preserving the gene bank would be able to draw upon the information to locate undisturbed habitats where animals or plants flourish in their natural state. There are, literally, thousands of applications for such material, ranging from recreational to educational use.

States need not wait for the Federal Government to prompt them into undertaking surveys of their own. Wisconsin and Massachusetts have already done outstanding work. Several years ago Gaylord Nelson, then governor and now a Senator from Wisconsin, invited Philip H. Lewis Jr., a landscape architect from the University of Illinois, to conduct a survey. Appointed a professor at the University of Wisconsin, Lewis set to work with a team of assistants to inventory and map the state. The team noted waterfalls, mineral sites, trout streams, marshes, historic sites and other areas of value. Most resources fell into what Lewis calls "environmental corridors" along watercourses. In deciding what to buy or protect, Wisconsin set up a point system of priorities and did a demand study for each possible acquisition. A specific sales tax provided $50 million, and, in the first year of funding, Wisconsin acquired 33,000 acres either by outright purchase or through scenic easements. (By granting the state a scenic easement, a private landowner agrees not to build, in exchange, he receives compensation.) Thus far the Wisconsin program has been going along splendidly, with strong popular support. Last year Republicans and Democrats joined to pass a water program, giving counties authority to zone land 300 feet back from each river and stream and 1,000 feet back from each lake. The counties have two years to establish zoning ordinances. If a county fails to act, the state will do the zoning.

Massachusetts, racked by periodic scandals, is not a state ordinarily thought of as being among the most advanced in good-government practices. Yet when it comes to caring for the basic natural environment, Massachusetts could give lessons to others. The Massachusetts Department of Natural Resources already has inventoried marine assets, salt marshes, outdoor recreation areas, open-space needs and inland marshes. This enlightened outlook comes not so much from on high—though Resources Commissioner Robert Yasi happens to be forward-looking—but from the concern of the people. As a result of public pressure, the state legislature in 1958 enabled cities and towns to establish conservation commissions. Composed of three to seven members, each commission surveyed the natural resources of value in its own area and under a point system made recommendations for zoning or acquisition of land. As public interest grew, the state legislature agreed to finance 50% of the acquisitions.

- The Department of the Interior should be reorganized as the Department of Natural Resources. This suggestion was first made in the 1930s, and in 1949 the Hoover Commission urged it again. The proposed department would have full charge of water resources, fish and wildlife, public lands and electric power. It would take over the Forest Service from the Department of Agriculture. The new department also should either take in or have direct veto over the civil functions of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and power projects of the Federal Power Commission and the Atomic Energy Commission.

Management of natural resources is now strewed across the bureaucratic landscape, and as a result there is next to no coordination and little official concern. The new department would give thrust to conservation issues and bring problems into sharper focus.

- There is a need for more state and national parks and better management of those we already have. For example, at famous Yellowstone the Park Service's stewardship has become, in the words of Naturalist Peter Farb, "an act of official vandalism." Concessionaires have been encouraged to build a supermarket, trinket shop, laundry and 1,000 shoddy cabins within the park, while the Service itself constructed a parking lot that destroyed Daisy Geyser, one of the main attractions. Noel Eichorn, who is doing a study of the national parks for the Conservation Foundation, reports that in most parks concessionaires are so firmly entrenched that they are telling the Park Service what to do.

We need new parks not only to meet future needs but to relieve pressure on those we have. The crush of visitors to certain national parks has been such that the rationing of admissions is being considered. Parks should be chosen so as to include representative samples of all kinds of habitat and scenery in the United States. William Bronson of the California Tomorrow association has suggested the establishment of a Napa Valley National Vineyard. The Napa Valley is one place that the hand of man has blessed, but "development" for tract houses could destroy it. Given protection, the Napa Valley could remain productive, its beauties unimpaired. The same might be done for other high-quality agricultural lands. (In California 140,000 acres of farmland annually succumb to the developer's bulldozer.)

- We must end the engineer's tyranny over the environment. As Kenneth Boulding, professor of economics at the University of Michigan, has remarked, "The domination of almost all our resources policy by engineers and people of this kind is utterly disastrous." Engineers have

continued

PRONOUNCE IT

"MICK-A-LOBE"

"Now, that's an order."

Michelob has been around for 70 years, but some people still find it hard to pronounce. Actually, it doesn't matter. In Michelob, the only accent is on quality. And that says it all.

POLAROID®

Splurge!

You could buy a Polaroid Color Pack gift Camera for under $50.

But if you really want to knock someone on his ear this Christmas, this is the one. It costs something under $160.

Both cameras are light, compact and fast-loading. Either camera will deliver a big, beautiful color print in a minute. And a black-and-white print in seconds.

So what makes the big fat difference?

A superb Zeiss Ikon single-window range- and viewfinder that automatically corrects for parallax and field size.

A transistorized shutter that lets you make black-and-white pictures indoors *without flash* and even make perfect time exposures up to 10 seconds automatically.

A sharp triplet lens. 2 exposure ranges for color, 2 for black and white.

An all-metal body and brushed chrome finish.

This model makes beautiful portraits and closeups, too, with special Polaroid camera accessories you can buy.

There's a flashgun included.

It is unquestionably the finest automatic camera Polaroid has ever produced.

Unless you're the type who hands out yachts and mink bathrobes, you couldn't give a much more impressive gift.

technical competence to offer, but often a limited outlook as well. Putting an engineer in charge of a resource such as a river basin is no smarter than hiring a plumber to design a fountain. Then again, as William Bronson has written, "Engineers have a tradition of first establishing . . . all manner of monstrosities, and then finding economic justification for building them."

If bureaucracies—among them the Corps of Engineers, the Bureau of Reclamation, the Federal Power Commission and the Atomic Energy Commission—are not curbed by creation of the proposed Department of Natural Resources, their powers should be subject to review under a strengthened Fish and Wildlife Coordination Act. The present act is so weak as to be useless. As the act now stands, most of these agencies are required only to *consult* with the Secretary of the Interior about possible harm to fish and wildlife by a project. They are under no obligation to heed the Secretary's advice—and they seldom have. They are engineering-oriented. Moreover, the AEC and the FPC show disquieting signs of having become the captives of the very industries they were set up to police in the public interest.

- Specific congressional legislation is needed on thermal pollution. The AEC does not regulate the temperatures of cooling water discharged into the body of water from which it was taken. Nuclear power plants, which use great amounts of water to cool their reactors, pose tremendous dangers. Hot water discharged into a bay, river or even the ocean can create biological deserts. A 3° or 4° temperature difference can be critical. Nuclear plants discharge water 11° to 23° hotter than it was on intake. More than 100 nuclear plants are on the drawing boards, and by 1980 the power industry will be using one-fifth of the total freshwater runoff of the United States for cooling. In a recent scientific paper Dr. Joseph A. Mihursky and V. S. Kennedy of the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory noted, "It is obvious a very serious problem will exist in the near future." There already has been one scandalous fish kill at a nuclear plant (*A Stink of Dead Stripers*, SI, April 26, 1965), but as long as aquatic life is not being killed by radiation, the power industry and the AEC are unconcerned. The temperature of discharged water can be controlled, but the commission apparently has other fish to fry. When Congressman John Dingell asked Harold Price, Director of Regulation for the AEC, why the commission was not concerned about thermal pollution, Price replied, "I guess we don't feel that the initiative for doing something about it rests with us."
- Strong congressional legislation is needed to afford protection to coastal estuaries and wetlands. The marshes, bay bottoms and estuaries, where salt and fresh water meet, are the most valuable and productive areas on the North American continent. Marshes, for instance, are up to six times richer than the average wheat land. Yet nowhere has destruction been more savage and blind than along our coasts. Destroying wetlands or fouling estuaries makes as much sense as burning down a bank, yet the destruction continues at an appalling rate. Connecticut, for instance, now has only 20 square miles of good wetland area left. The remainder lies buried under highways, garbage dumps, factories and houses. In actuality the estuarine-wetland complex that runs from Massachusetts to Florida is one of the natural wonders of the world.

In recent years persistent encroachment and defilement has caused a dramatic decline of fish—in both commercial and sports catches. The American Littoral Society reports that between 1960 and 1965 the total catch of 18 coastal species slumped from 1.4 billion pounds to 700 million pounds—exactly half, in only five years' time. Among the fishes that are dependent on the Atlantic Coast estuaries are alewives, mackerel, Atlantic sturgeon, blackback flounder, black drum, blackfish, bluefish, croaker, fluke, king whiting, menhaden, mullet, porgy, red drum, sea trout, shad, short-nosed sturgeon, spearing, spot, striped bass, summer herring, tomcod, weakfish and white perch. Destroy the estuaries, rip up bay bottoms, fill in marshes and you destroy these species. It does no good to go out in the ocean. The ocean isn't "full of fish." The ocean is a desert by comparison with inshore Cape Cod, Long Island Sound, the Hudson River, Great South Bay, Chesapeake Bay, Pamlico Sound, *et al.*

The coastal fishery resources of the United States are the greatest single wildlife resource this country possesses. It offers respite to millions of people and is worth billions of dollars. So far only one state, Massachusetts, has effectively moved to protect this resource. Massachusetts law prohibits alteration of a salt marsh. When one developer fought this law, the court upheld the state, finding, "Broad Marsh is a 'salt marsh' necessary to preserve and protect marine fisheries. . . . Property is acquired by private citizens with the tacit understanding that it shall not be used to the detriment of the public, and the legislature is authorized to take action to prevent such detrimental use." Owners of marshland who seek compensation can have it set by court. So far no one has applied.

Not every state has the vigor of Massachusetts in protecting its coastal resources. New York, for example, is a study in futility. The bays and wetlands of Long Island are not protected from abuse, they are not even considered navigable waters, hence they are subject to unnecessary dredging, filling or other desolation. A favorite trick is to mine sand and gravel under the subterfuge of creating a navigation channel. An ocean liner could be floated in some of the gouges.

Even if New York took prompt and proper action, problems would still remain for numerous species of fish that move up and down the coast. If, for instance, North Carolina decided to seal off or fill in its coastal sounds the fluke population would be wiped out. Fluke eggs are laid at sea, but the larval fish are carried into the sounds by currents, and there they stay in the shallow waters, protected from larger predators and feeding on the crabs, baitfishes and marine worms of the estuary. When the fluke are about six inches long, they begin working their way up along the coast to waiting fishermen in New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts. If the North Carolina fishery were destroyed, fishermen in the states to the north could protest, but they could not enforce any reform in North Carolina.

Sometimes fishermen are not even aware of the reasons a species suddenly disappears. This has been the case with the weakfish, which was a tremendously popular fish in

continued

New York and New Jersey waters until 15 years ago. Despite official assurance that the weakfish would always remain abundant, lo, it suddenly vanished. A number of reasons were given, overfishing being the most prominent. Now marine biologists strongly suspect that commercial fishing boats working southern waters in quest of "trash" fish for cat food have been taking juvenile weakfish in the catch. The weakfish never get to move north because they are in some cat's belly. The pity of it is that cats would be just as well fed with a species of fish that has no other economic value. Contrary to popular impression, neither the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife nor any section of the Interior Department has any control of ocean fishes. (Even the President's Science Advisory Committee is misinformed; in *Effective Use of the Sea*, the committee reported that the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries governs ocean fishing.)

Obviously, legislation is needed to protect the estuarine environment and the fishes in it. Inasmuch as the states have abdicated responsibility, and inasmuch as the fish are migratory and do not recognize state lines, the Federal Government should have authority to protect the aquatic resources of estuaries. To be sure, there will be some states-righters who will protest against "federal invasion," but the harsh truth is that the states' navigable waters are already subject to federal invasion of the worst sort, in the form of the Corps of Engineers and the Federal Power Commission, and a new federal club is needed to beat them off.

- Serious consideration should be given to a conservation amendment to the Constitution. This idea has been advanced by Irving Like, a Long Island attorney and conservationist who helped to establish the Fire Island National Seashore. Like's idea is based, in part, on the premise that a national ecological survey and inventory will be taken. Like says, "Constitutional amendments are necessarily brief. This amendment should not include a shopping list, and I suggest the following draft:

"*The right of the people of the United States to enjoy the outdoors and their heritage of natural resources and natural beauty shall not be violated.*

"*The Congress shall, at least once every five years, designate those lands and waters of the United States and its possessions, now owned or hereafter acquired, which because of their unusual, natural, wilderness, scenic or historic character, shall be kept forever inviolate and administered for the use and enjoyment of the American people in such manner as will preserve their irreplaceable characteristics and leave them unaltered and unspoiled for future use and enjoyment.*

"*No federal agency, body or authority shall be authorized to exercise the power of condemnation, or undertake any public work, issue any permit, license or concession, make any rule, execute any management policy or other official act which vitally affects the people's heritage of natural resources and natural beauty, on the lands and waters now or hereafter placed in the public domain, without first giving reasonable notice to the public and holding a public hearing thereon, and any official act which involves the public domain, the natural resources of the United States, and which vitally affects the quality of the natural environment, shall be subject to judicial review and such other forms of review as may be enacted by Congress.*"

Like's amendment was the basis for a similar measure he advanced this year for the New York State Constitutional Convention. The delegates adopted it almost unanimously, but it went down the drain with the rest of the new constitution in the November 7 election.

- The use of persistent toxic pesticides or long-range poisons should be barred. The worst of the pesticides are the chlorinated hydrocarbons: aldrin, DDD, DDT, dieldrin, heptachlor and toxaphene. A study submitted to the late President Kennedy recommended the elimination of such chemicals, but action has been slow in coming. The difficulty with the chlorinated hydrocarbons is that they take a long time to break down (as much as fifteen years for DDT) and they concentrate in the fatty tissues and organs of living creatures, at times killing them or rendering them sterile. Toxic pesticides are not the only problem. Government poisoners in the West have been indiscriminate in spreading baits for coyotes injected with compound 1080, which is also deadly to other wildlife and domestic dogs.

Detergent manufacturers, seeking new washday miracles, came up with the ABS detergents, which do not readily break down in water and can be lethal to aquatic life. When those detergents started foaming up in water supplies there was an outcry, and now the manufacturers are turning out so-called "soft" detergents. These are low in suds but rich in phosphates that can trigger detrimental algal explosions. The point of all this is that no one, no private citizen, no company, no government agency, should be allowed to inject a persistent poisonous chemical into the lands and waters of the U.S.

- We need to take a new look at state and federal tax policies dealing with land values and conservation. The Sierra Club, the most vigorous national conservation organization, has suffered a loss in donations because the Internal Revenue Service, angered by club newspaper ads protesting the proposals to dam the Grand Canyon, has threatened to rule that donations are no longer deductible. If the ruling comes, the Sierra Club intends to press a court fight, but until it is resolved, other national conservation groups, not as bold to begin with, will shy away from public issues of importance.

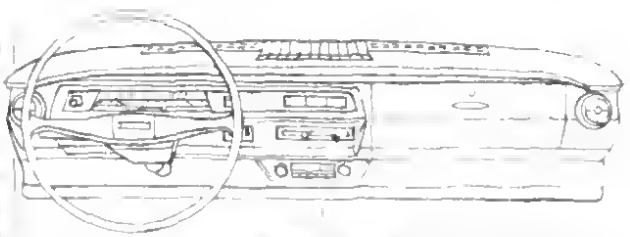
We might look to see if our tax policies encourage wise use of the land. There is a strong suspicion that they do not and that they are rigged in favor of the developer, the realtor and the modern version of the ambulance chaser, the lawyer who specializes in zone hustling. If inequities exist, they should be corrected.

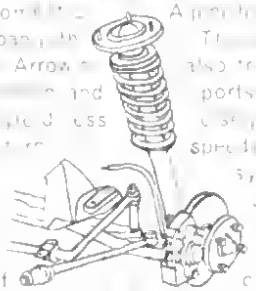
- We need prompt and vigorous enforcement of federal and state anti-pollution laws. The Federal Water Pollution Control Act of 1966 is promising, but will it be enforced with vigor and dispatch? We have had laws, sound laws, on the books for years, but the problem is they are rarely enforced. For instance, the Federal Refuse Act of 1899 forbids the dumping of garbage, cinders, sand or mud or refuse of any kind into the navigable waters of the United States. The maximum penalty is a $2,500 fine and a year in prison; yet government agencies charged with enforcement, most notably the Corps of Engineers, have looked the other way in the face of obvious violations. Indeed, when a Corps official was asked recently why the law had not been enforced against a couple of continuous polluters, the official replied, "We're dealing with top officials in industry, and you just don't go

continued

New Sunbeam Arrow, from the Chrysler people: Britain's posh $2200 family car for unabashed sports car lovers.

Temper the fast, sure feel of our Tiger with baby-limousine comforts—
add our inimitable 5-year/50,000-mile power train warranty*—
what happens is pretty exotic. And practical.





On the other hand

*HERE'S HOW THE SUNBEAM ARROW 5 YEAR OR 50,000 MILE ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN WARRANTY PROTECTS YOU

HERE'S ALL YOU MUST DO

FOR MONEY SAVING EUROPEAN DELIVERY

ROOTES SUNBEAM CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

"refreshingly different"

English Leather®

LIME

The new exciting scent for men—
a fresh completely new fragrance
note that lasts and lasts!

AFTER SHAVE $2.50, $4.50
COLOGNE $3.00, $5.00
AEROSOL DEODORANT $1.50
SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD $2.00
RUBDOWN BODY LOTION $3.00
DEODORANT STICK $1.25
SPRAY COLOGNE $2.50
GIFT SETS $3.75 to $9.50

©MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N.J.

around treating these people like that."

● We need state and federal laws to cover industrial kills of fish and wildlife by any means whatsoever. There have been a number of enormous wildlife kills in recent years, and the perpetrators have gotten off without paying a cent. A private citizen who takes illegal fish or game is subject to fine, loss of license and probably imprisonment. What applies to the lawless private citizen should apply to irresponsible private industry.

● Above all, we must strive to develop what has been called an "ecological conscience" and a "land ethic." An ecological conscience means realizing that man's actions, by bulldozing, polluting or spraying, can have calamitous consequences for living creatures—including man himself.

An ecological conscience and a land ethic can be instilled only by mass education. Here we are deficient, from graduate schools to kindergarten. The old field naturalists, the explorers, the probers, the observers, the restless seekers *of the history of the race, the Darwins*, the Beebes, are gone. In their place is the modern scientist, the specialist for the most part, young, safe in his lab, with starched white coat, clipboard of data and government contract. Field naturalism is passé. It is for boy scouts, little old lady bird watchers and left-wing Quakers passing a Saturday afternoon. A so-called educated American now can depart from college, marry, raise children and be completely unaware of the natural world. He could not care less that the superhighway may be a destroyer, because he has no interest in or knowledge of what it destroys. He has never been told or taught. The classical biology course in high school or college is disappearing. The student who takes biology learns all about DNA and the genetic code. As one concerned reader wrote to *Science* last fall, "I have two daughters who have taken high school biology. One, a linguist, had the 'old-fashioned' kind: general principles, plus anatomy, physiology and taxonomy of the plant and animal kingdoms. The other, who wanted to be a nurse, took the blue version of the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study. She learned molecular biology and very little else. The first girl, who got a C in the course, knows much more about the world around her than the second, who got an A and doesn't know the difference be-

continued

It's not as impersonal as you may think.

V.O. is the personal choice of more people than any other brand of imported whisky (including scotch). So when you give it, you're giving someone something he'd probably select for himself. Doesn't that constitute a nice warm thought?

Canadian whisky—
A blend of selected whiskies.
Six years old. 86.8 proof.
Seagram's Distillers Co., N.Y.C.
Gift-wrapped at no extra charge.

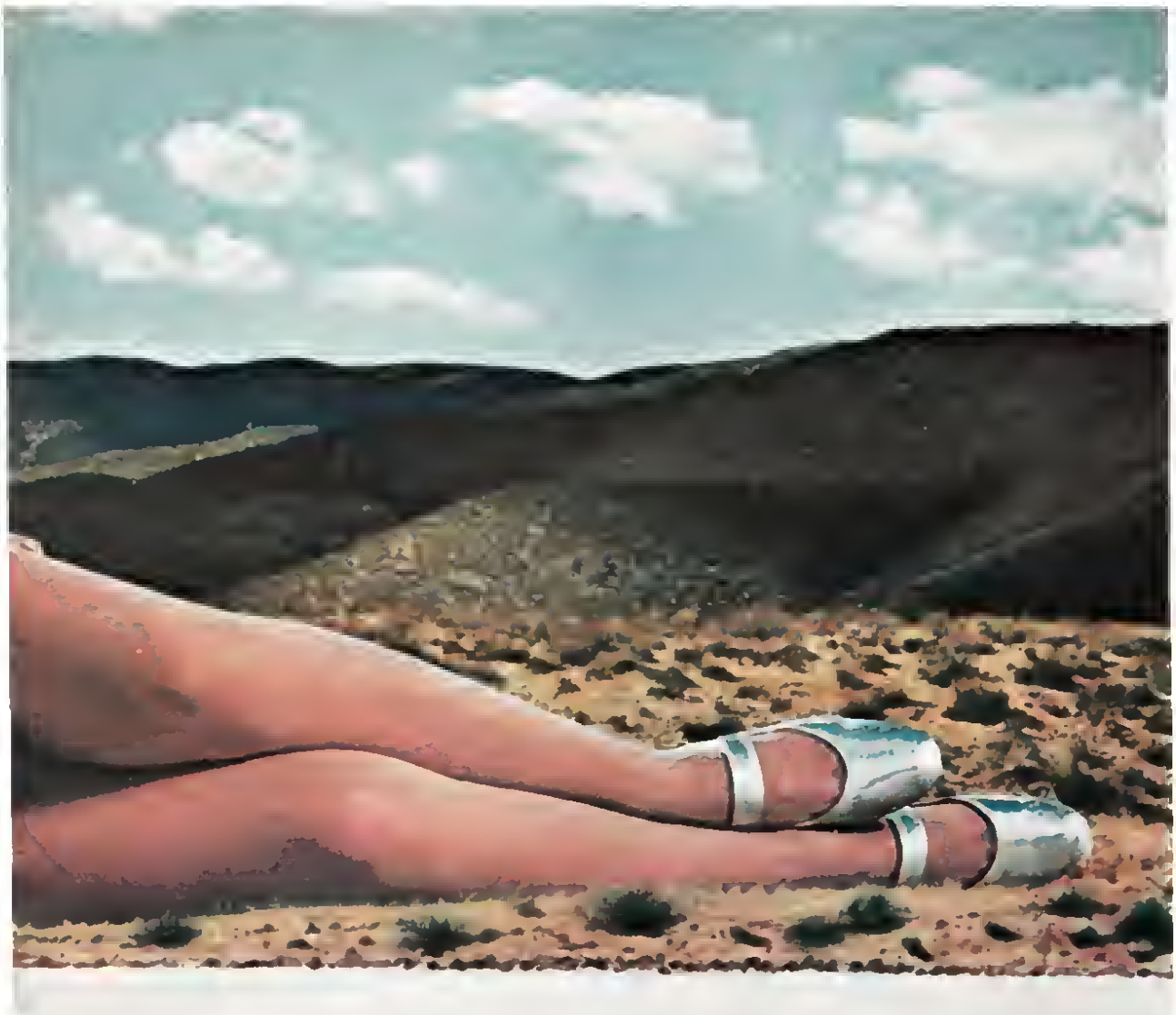
B.F.Goodrich launc

All at once, tire mileage gets an almost unbelievable boost!

Forget everything you ever believed about how long a set of tires can last. This is the age of the BFG Silvertown Radial 990 — the revolutionary new tire that will travel 5,000, 10,000, even 15,000 miles farther than the tires that come on new cars!

Mileage is just one part of the story. Traction is another.

©1967, THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY



nes The Radial Age

For the new BFG Radial 990 has a far bigger "footprint" than ordinary tires. Up to 41% bigger.

The big footprint gives the 990 almost incredible traction. Your brakes will stop you faster than ever before. Your car will tame curves like never before.

What about ride? At turnpike speeds, the 990's ride is more like gliding than riding. Because every single cord in this tire is soft-riding Dynacor® rayon.

You even save money on gas. The Radial 990 rolls much easier than ordinary tires, soaks up less horsepower. Result: it stretches every gallon of gas by up to 10%.

Your present tires aren't completely worn out? It'll still pay you — in savings, in safety — to switch to Radial 990's. See any B. F. Goodrich dealer. Welcome to The Radial Age!

B.F.Goodrich

If your last cigarette
had that 4 o'clock taste...

try the taste that's springtime fresh

Menthol Flavor
Salem
FILTER CIGARETTES

Every time you light up...

SALEM REFRESHES YOUR TASTE

tween grass and moss, or beetles and crickets, or even plants and animals, although she is well versed in DNA.

"Which of my daughters will find her high school biology course more useful in later life? My daughters are much more likely to encounter frogs and trees and be concerned with the physiological systems of the body, than with DNA in their everyday lives.

"And for the future housewife, or engineer, or shoe clerk, which is apt to be more useful: an understanding of the Krebs cycle or knowledge that maggots in the garbage will turn into flies?"

Scientists themselves have much to answer for in the despoliation of the environment. With the exception of a couple of dozen at best, they have refrained from participating in important public issues in which they have expertise. Too many scientists just don't want to get involved. They prefer to sit silently on the sidelines, as though spectators, watching justifiably concerned citizens trade volleys with utility company executives, highway engineers and other wreckers of the environment. There are signs that this attitude is changing somewhat. Last year's annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science had as its theme, "How Man Has Changed the Planet." An editorial in *Science* commented later that unease "permeated the meeting."

The clergy, too, stands indicted for silence. One historian, Lynn T. White Jr. of UCLA, told the AAAS meeting that there is a "Christian arrogance toward nature." Many clergymen seem to have the attitude that what is destroyed on this planet is of little consequence since this world is "the vale of tears" through which we all must pass before moving on to the hereafter.

Without the scientists, without the clergymen, without the responsible politician, without the educated speaking up and taking action, abuse of America will continue. We have the power to stop it, and the reason and the logic of past events dictate that we should. Yet as Admiral Hyman Rickover says, "The only voices raised in protest are of those who are personally hurt, and of a small minority of citizens who cannot sit idly by watching God's own country turned into 'God's own junkyard.' Until this minority becomes a majority, the destruction will not cease." **END**

This is one cologne she won't borrow.

St. Johns for Men Bay Rum or Lime

© 1967 West Indies Bay Co., Div. St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. For name of nearest store, write to us at 1 East Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

A BLOODY WILD WAY TO GO SAILING

In the old days (above) Australia's small-boat sailors piled 14 men and a boy in their 18-footers and bashed each other's heads in. Now they just pile on sail and try to sink the enemy

by COLES PHINIZY

A quarter of a mile out in the windy harbor of Sydney, Australia there are two rocky outcrops of land. One is called Shark Island, the other Clark Island. It is claimed the climate of these two islets is noticeably warmer than that of Sydney itself, because Australian sailors have been racing their 18-foot boats around Shark and Clark for 70 years, losing their tempers. Many fine hulls have been smashed over those years, many sails have been shredded and many a nose has been bloodied. Often when a skipper begged for room to clear a mark and got none, he simply

COMMERCIAL EMBLEMS ON BOATS' HUGE SAILS ARE MORE NOTICEABLE THAN CORINTHIAN COURTESIES AROUND SYDNEY HARBOR

belted his nearest rival with a spar. In the old days during 18-footer races, it was customary for good friends and neighbors to clout one another and grapple in the water. "There was such heat generated," 73-year-old Skipper Georgie Robinson declares, "that the grass had a hard time growing on Shark Island."

Such behavior is, of course, shocking. It runs absolutely counter to all the genteel traditions of Corinthian (*i.e.*, amateur) yachting. But then there never was anything remotely genteel about 18-foot sailing, and even today the boats are recognizable first and foremost by the huge commercial emblems on their sails advertising firms who back them, just as garages and breweries back bowling and baseball teams in the U.S.

Consider the far from genteel precedent set by Tommy Doyle, who skippered an 18-foot boat called *Desdemona* in Sydney harbor back in the 1930s. When his boat ran afoul of a rival 18-footer called *Aberdare* and capsized during a race, Skipper Doyle did not merely threaten to bash his opponents with the tiller of his craft, as he had done in an earlier contretemps. Instead, while his crew battled the men of the *Aberdare*, breaking fingers and noses, Doyle himself climbed the forestay of the rival boat in an attempt to put her out of commission. Even when the crews were done fighting and the *Aberdare* was sailing free again, Doyle was still up there trying to chop down her jib. By reeling from one tack to the other for a quarter of a mile, the *Aberdare* crew managed to shake Doyle off. During the battle spectators following the race in ferryboats cheered wildly.

Things have calmed down a bit since Doyle's day, but still in a single race

continued

of 18-foot boats in Sydney harbor there is often more writhing emotion, finagling, self-inflicted jeopardy, heroism and drama than other sailing classes experience in a whole season. The reason is simple. Any active sport that is not burdened with restrictions naturally attracts very active men, who make the game livelier still. Over the years many spunky sailors like Tommy Doyle, who would rather lose an exciting race than win a dull one, have been attracted to the racing in Sydney harbor primarily because the Australian 18-foot open sailboat itself is a wondrously wild and contrary creature that keeps trying to take off and fly while its crew struggles to keep it from sinking. There are only two things that can be said for certain about an Australian 18-footer: it is 18 feet long, and it will not bite you.

A comparison is in order. Conventional racing sailboats of comparable size today (the 17-foot Thistle, the 19-foot Lightning) carry about 170 square feet of sail going into the wind and, at most, 450 square feet when running before the wind. Such a conventional boat is so relatively docile that a competent Sunday sailor can manage even with a picnic hamper, a reluctant wife, several disinterested children and other such dead weight aboard. In contrast, when racing in winds over 18 knots, the *Britannia*, an Australian 18-footer of the 1920s and '30s, often carried a crew—hold onto your seats—of 14 men and one boy. Sailing into the wind, she set about 1,000 square feet of sail. Running before the wind, she often carried 2,800 square feet—a mainsail, a balloon jib, a spinnaker, a water sail, a topsail, a ringtail and God knows what else. The bowsprit of the 18-foot-long *Britannia* stuck out 21 feet. Her boom, with a ringtail spar extended on it, measured 42 feet, which means that if the mainsail and ringtail ever swung around in an accidental jibe there was quite a convincing piece of lumber swishing overhead. The *Britannia*'s three-piece spinnaker pole was 45 feet overall, and any sailor who wants to test his skill and patience should try setting a 45-foot pole, as *Britannia*'s forward hands customarily did, with eight or 10 other crewmen milling around in the same 18-foot hull. The least desirable job on the *Britannia* belonged to the one boy aboard. While he was being trampled by everyone else, it was his duty to bail water out faster than it came aboard, which was not always possible.

When the *Britannia* was sailing on the wind, her massive crew served as quick and nimble ballast. One minute a dozen of them would be seated three deep on each other's laps, leaning back well over the starboard rail. In the next minute they would all be scrambling across the boat to assume the same position on the port side. Since there was a big boom swinging from port to starboard when this beef trust was hustling from starboard to port, and since there was a centerboard box and assorted clutter in the way, tempers—quite naturally—were sometimes frayed. When approaching a windward leg, if some lout prematurely dropped the centerboard, shearing off a crony's finger or toe, tempers got very short indeed. If at about the same time the long bowsprit or boom of a rival boat poked into the cockpit, well, there could be trouble.

The crew of the *Britannia* came from Balmain, a Sydney district that has always molded very solid characters, and since seven of them were brothers and cousins, all named Robinson, obviously their *esprit de corps* was of a high order and rivals were cautious. Indeed, in the late '20s when a boat called the *Arline* failed to give them room rounding a mark, *Britannia*'s men felt justified in trying to press their rival's boom underwater. This so irritated the policemen and slaughterhouse workers who crewed on the *Arline* that one of them, a meatcutter by trade, came out on the boom with a knife in his mouth. In a trice he was flattened by a two-gallon stone demijohn flung from the *Britannia*. The *Arline* promptly broke off the action and sailed free, with her skipper ranting because the oaf lying unconscious in the slack foot of the mainsail was getting blood all over it.

Since the mid-1930s special ferryboats have followed the 18-footers on their weekend races, carrying packs of merciless critics. As a consequence, when losing a race, the valiant crews have suffered more humiliation than other sailors. Although doubtless on the spectator ferries there is a soul or two simply out for an airing, most of the crowd are betting men—stern no-nonsense punters. This betting on sailboat races is an intriguing phenomenon, particularly so because it is altogether illegal.

For some years after the turn of the century—by statute at least—Australia was still throttled by Victorian prudery. Bathing on Sydney's fine beaches was not allowed. During Church Hour—from 10 to 11 on Sunday—most public transportation in Sydney stood still in its tracks. Until last year there could by law be no organized Sunday sport in Sydney (hah, hah), and betting, except in authorized places, is forbidden. The ferryboats that follow the scrambling 18-footers on Sunday are ostensibly carrying lovers of the sport, "but the fact is," a veteran named John Q. Anonymous confides, "the reason the bloody sport has been so popular is because everybody bets like bedamned. You can't stop it. The police put blokes aboard dressed like plain sports, you know, wearing sandals and like that, but they don't fool the real punters. A real punter can smell a cop."

In the opinion of Bob Lundie, the present secretary of one of Sydney's two 18-foot sailing clubs, the most memorable case of an 18-footer letting its punters down occurred when a craft called *Marjorie* tangled with *Top Dog* in a no-handicap championship series in 1947. Lundie was crewing on the *Marjorie* at the time and is a reasonable authority on all such tiffs since he was one of the Balmain battlers who served for 16 years on the old *Britannia*. In fact, it was Lundie who once cooled off the flamboyant Skipper Tommy Doyle by simply reaching out and tapping him gently in the face with a spinnaker pole. After winning one heat of the championship series in 1947, according to Lundie, the *Marjorie* was heavily favored by the punters. In the second heat, as she ran for the finish, trailing *Top Dog*, her crew was particularly irritated, because earlier in the run the boom of the *Top Dog* had gotten locked between her shrouds and mast. About 200 yards from the finish the *Marjorie* was drawing abreast of *Top Dog*, running very close by. "We got a puff of wind," Bob Lundie relates, "but, strangely, we didn't gain on her. You know you can't bloody well see a thing ahead when you have the big spinnaker on, but I happened to lift the tack of our spinnaker, and there's Joe Pearce of *Top Dog*, a Rugby man of 16 stone, and he's hanging onto the whisker of our bumpkin. We can't possibly gain with him hanging onto us. Well,

continued

Not a diamond-chip watch.

Ti.. o chips in a Bulova diamond watch. Onl, whole diamonds. What's the difference? Plenty.

A diamond is completely cut and polished. It has at least 17 facets on it. Which is a lot more facets than a chip has.

It's the facets that reflect the brilliance, the color, the glow, all the things you look for in a diamond.

Where do we buy our diamonds? We go to the diamond centers of the world: Antwerp and Amsterdam.

Not because we like to travel. But because that's where all the best diamonds turn up.

We're still fussy, though, about what we buy. So much so, that we reject more diamonds than other watch manufacturers use.

For instance, we looked at 51 diamonds before we made this 10-diamond watch. That takes a lot of time.

But when you give her a Bulova diamond watch, you know you're giving her a diamond watch. **Bulova**

Below. The season's most richly ornamented tree was photographed in the Beverly Hills home of Harold Lloyd
WALKER'S
BOURBON
WALKER'S
For holiday giving...nothing else quite measures up
Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon
THE ELEGANT 8 YEAR OLD
Holiday decanter or regular fifth, both gift-wrapped at no extra charge.
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA, ILL.

as soon as I see Pearce, I start forward to crack him one, but Mick Russell—he's our sheet hand—yells, 'No!' Mick runs up from our stern, and he grabs me by the arse and shoots me down in the boat. 'No, no!' Mick cries. 'He's mine.' And with that, Mick craeks Pearce in the mouth and nose. Now, Mick hit Pearce in a Sunday race, and Pearce was still bleeding from various contusions at the weekly meeting Tuesday night. Well, anyway, at the time Pearce cops the punch in the face, we're only 50 yards from the finish line, and *Top Dog* is still ahead. So our skipper, Tony Russell, yells out, 'Jibe her! We'll drown the bastards!' Well, we jibed her. Our boom came swinging around with a ringtail on her, and it would have caught *Top Dog* for sure, but in the excitement everyone of us had forgotten to let the bloody backstay go. So we capsized. We missed *Top Dog*—oh, we hit her, but not hard enough—and she sailed on across the line, a winner. We were the favorites, so nobody on the ferryboats loved us after that. The bloody punters and everybody said, 'Leave 'em there,' and they did leave us. We were swimming in the water, right in the ferry track, my bloody oath, until 7 o'clock at night, when our good friends the Water Police pulled us out."

Over the years, because of the lighter spars, synthetic sails and other technical advances, the classic Australian 18-foot open boat has changed. Today the Australian 18-footer is an exquisite instrument, as finely tuned—and about as fragile—as a Stradivarius. Although sail area is still unrestricted, the modern 18-footer rarely carries more than 1,400 square feet—still quite a lot considering that the most comparable international class, the Flying Dutchman, is two feet longer and never carries more than 400 square feet. Even though the sail area has been reduced so that the craft can be managed now by a skipper and three trapeze-swinging hands, the 18-footer remains a cantankerous thing.

The 18-foot skippers no longer have mayhem in their hearts, but they are still grand gamblers with a go-for-broke spirit. Len Heffernan, current hero of the 18-foot skippers, is, by trade, a maintenance engineer, responsible for the care and feeding of the brontosaurian presses that print one of Sydney's newspapers, *The Sun*. In his off hours, he designs 18-footers for love. A dozen of the 46 boats now racing regularly in Sydney harbor were built by Heffernan on his own molds. In his 19 years as helmsman he has competed in more than 1,100 races and has won 16 major titles. But in 18-footer sailing, disaster dogs the best of men. In a series of 13 races in the middle of the last full racing season, Heffernan won five and "swam" eight—that is to say, he either came first, or, going for broke, capsized for one reason or another. During this hard-luck period, the newspapers needled him, one of them suggesting that if he was going to swim so consistently he should put Dawn Fraser in his crew. Since he has been in the game a long time, Heffernan was not at all dismayed, and for the next race on a bright February day he showed up smiling and a trifle hung over. The moment he stepped onto the lawn of the Sydney Flying Squadron, where his boat is harbored, the wind, as if sensing the presence of a master of the art, suddenly freshened from almost nothing to 10 knots, lifting spinnakers that were spread on the ground in colorful salutation. The tall palms guarding the lawn tossed their heads in recognition as Heffernan passed, and pigeons strutted. Bruce Clifford, a rival skipper, beckoned Heffernan over to inspect a new spinnaker he had bought for a bargain price. "It's Japanese Terylene of some kind," Clifford said. "You think it will hold its shape, do you?"

Heffernan stretched a bit of the fabric between his experienced fingers. "Well, I don't know," he said. "Three hard blows and you may have to cut it up and use it for pajamas."

Heffernan then sought out his own crew, which was readying his boat, *The Sun*. "You know, Lennie," Forward Hand Lester Crowe advised him, "this is the Commodore's Handicap today, and if we win we each get one of those nice little cups."

"Ooh, then you've got to win, love," Lester Crowe's wife, Sandra, cooed acidly, "because we've only got 40 like it at home already."

Jib Hand Ron (Wreeker) Johnston apologized to Heffernan. "I can't go into the clubhouse and buy us all a beer. No shoes. You remember that we burned my sandals last night."

"I remember," Heffernan said ruefully. "I flew all week without a drink, and then at the barbecue last night, I crashed. Why did we try to barbecue my shoes and your sandals? You know, I loved those shoes. I really did, and I couldn't even find the buckles in the ashes."

Alternate Jib Hand Ron (Whizzer) Tearne came over to the boat. "Good day, Lennie," Whizzer said. "Have you seen Kevin O'Keefe?"

"Good day, Whizzer," Heffernan replied. "What do you want Kevin for?"

"I was out drinking beer with Kevin last night," Whizzer said, "and I want to find out if I had a good time."

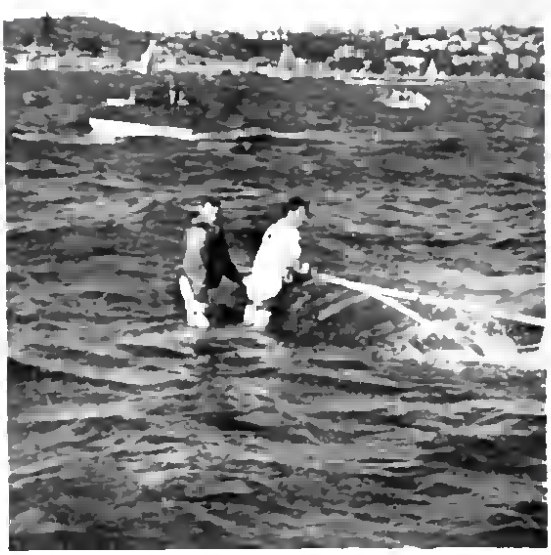
Kevin O'Keefe showed up a moment later. "We were in a Chinese restaurant," he reported to Whizzer, "and you were singing choruses because it was their New Year's."

"What bloody beautiful timing," Whizzer said. "We go in a restaurant and it turns out to be New Year's."

For some reason this reminded Heffernan of the party at the Squadron when someone tied a halyard around the leg of a lady guest and tried to haul her up the flagpole. "Only got her a third the way," Heffernan recalled, "she was kicking and squirming so." This reminded him of another story and another and another, until it was almost too late to make the starting line. And it is rather a pity that they made the line, because they fouled their spinnaker jibing around Shark Island and capsized once again.

Disaster was the order of that day. Gambling in 18-knot winds, eight of

continued



A CLOSE CONTEST OFTEN ENDS IN A SWIM

survival kits
to hold all your grooming essentials neatly, securely, anywhere you travel

PRINCE GARDNER®

DO YOU HAVE
WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE
RAZOR SHARP MOVIES?

WE DO

If you won't stand for fuzzy flicks, try a Minolta Autopak 8 movie camera. You'll be taking pictures through a world famous Rokkor zoom lens — rated tops for sharp color photography by professional photographers everywhere.

The Minolta Autopak 8 K11 (shown) is the most fully equipped super-8 you can buy. Under $250, plus case. Other models include the Minolta Autopak 8 S3, a truly compact, lightweight, easy on-the budget super-8 at under $120, plus case. The Minolta Autopak 8 K7 has power zoom and motor, reflex viewing and many extras to make it a great buy at under $200, plus case.

See and try the exciting Minolta super-8 trio at your nearest camera dealer. Or write for colorful illustrated literature to Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003.

Minolta Autopak
SUPER-8 MOVIE CAMERAS

the 20 crews swam. Considering that they are relative novices, the crewmen of the boat *Daily Mirror* were doing well until one hand suddenly looked forward and exclaimed, "We've lost our bloody bow." On the beat to the first mark, *Gold Thimble* was footing well, intent on catching lighter-handicapped boats and cheered on by the ferryloads of punters, until a rival, *Bevil*, closed in fast, unseen, on the opposite tack. *Bevil*'s boom went through *Gold Thimble*'s mainsail. *Bevil* capsized, and the crew of *Gold Thimble* also went in but managed to scramble back aboard their half-swamped boat. As if this were not grief enough, while *Gold Thimble* was limping home, a trunk cabin sloop skimmed by her too close to windward. A sudden gust brought the sloop's mast over hard and carried away some of *Gold Thimble*'s standing rigging.

Sydney harbor of a windy weekend gets traffic such as few other ports ever see. While the 18-looters are beating to their first mark, there may be a fleet of big 8-meters coming the opposite way, spinnakers billowing. Little 12-looters skitter about. Dragons and a variety of classes criss and cross the harbor. Large freighters from distant ports use the same waters, and ferryboats, both orthodox and hydrofoil, make their appointed rounds. In addition, there are casual Sunday sailors loose, and, naturally, outboard runabouts, as well as larger stinkpots. "It's a crush," an Englishman, Robert Chandler, observed on seeing it for the first time. "Boats of this kind and that, a little of everything and a lot of many things. A regular dog's breakfast, as Australians say. I would only be faintly surprised if, in the middle of the whole mash, the Loch Ness monster reared its head."

On the windy day that Len Heffernan and his crew took their ninth swim, most of the favorites ran into trouble, and a large, grumbling mass of punters who played it safe with the short odds lost their shirts. In the clubhouse that evening someone within earshot of Len Heffernan said that it had been miserable.

"Aw, there is no such thing as miserable," Heffernan replied. "You know, miserable is only a state of mind. Win or swim, it's a good kind of boat we sail. I reckon it's about the best class of boat there is anywhere, so how can I ever be miserable?" END

Chris Burn[illegible] graduate and former football All Ame[illegible]

PHOTO BY STEPHEN HEISER

CHRISTOPHER W. BURFORD, III, *29, [illegible] City Chief [illegible] WOMEN*

"I use NML insurance for defense, but I expect to score with it, too."

"My main reason for having Northwestern Mutual life insurance, of course, is protection—to help take care of my family in case I'm not here.

"But I'm counting, too, on the sizable reserve fund it creates through NML's fast build-up of dividends and cash values. I've given this fund specific objectives—such as, strengthening my investment program. Simplifying short-term loans. And ultimately—guaranteeing the success of my estate plans.

"In all of this, NML's exceptionally low net cost is a big advantage."

There is a difference

Northwestern Mutual specializes in life insurance written on an individual basis and tailored to personal and business needs.

Here you can expect maximum protection for the least money. NML leads in low net cost. Cash values grow rapidly. Dividend rate increases have reduced the cost of NML insurance to policyowners 13 times in 16 years.

For an effective insurance program that combines protection and investment, talk to your NML representative.

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE - MILWAUKEE NML

A record crowd at the Miami-Notre Dame football game included **Oleg Cassini**, Senator **George Smathers** and **Richard Nixon**. Nixon was rooting for Miami, but Miami lost 22–24. He later observed, "I went to a game in California recently and my team lost that one, too. But, then, I'm used to losing."

The Olympic Committee's Director of Public Affairs is Actor **Kirk Douglas**, a man who takes the work seriously: "The greatest commodity of any country is its young people. You have to keep thinking, 'The next generation, they will be the ones to straighten out the mess.' If there's to be an interest in the young people in our country there has to be an interest in the young people of all countries. They must communicate, and the Olympics to me is the greatest method. It is a healthy form of dialogue." There are the hippies, of course, and Douglas says, "I don't knock that. I think they have a point, but they're neglecting the whole area of physical fitness. And there is television. I look at my own kids sitting in front of it. When I was a boy I would be out climbing trees and stretching and fighting and *doing* things." To support the "healthy dialogue" of the Olympics, Douglas is working hard to raise a lot of money. "You'd be amazed," he says, "at the people who think the government sends our athletes." Douglas was particularly compelling last week when he discussed all these points while in full makeup for his current movie about the Mafia. He looked as if you had better believe him or he would have you dumped, attached to a block of cement, into New York's East River.

"Man, I don't work this hard in spring training. You have to be in condition for this hunting-and-fishing business," **Willie Mays** (*below, left*) observed recently. Willie was on Catalina Island, making a hunting-and-fishing film for television. He looked fit at five pounds overweight but, he went on, "the muscles in your arms and legs get tired in a hurry if you're not in condition . . . I'm not really used to climbing a mountain like a goat, and the quail are harder to hit than a baseball." Willie has never done any of this before. "All I did was play ball, even when I was a little boy"—but his instructor, Joe Foss, says, "Willie has the best natural swing for a beginner that I have ever seen. I told him to swing the gun like he does a bat and follow through, and he followed my instructions beautifully." What a surprise. They will be telling us next that Willie has a good eye.

Juan Carlos of Spain is a man who, in his wish to become a king, is dependent upon the will of a dictator, but now he has a more immediate ambition that will require his going the democratic route. Juan Carlos would like to represent Spain in the Olympic Games. At 29 he is accomplished in several sports and was quoted, at one point, as saying, "I'm best at horseriding, so maybe I'll try for a place on the equestrian team." Now he is reported to have decided on yachting instead. In any case, Juan Carlos goes every morning at 7 o'clock to Madrid to work out with gymnastics, punchball and judo: he already holds the black belt in karate. "Everyone should keep in shape," he is quoted as saying. Certainly any man should who is trying out for the Olympics and dealing with General Franco.

"Whatever Ozzie touches turns to gold," his design director has said of **Oscar Olson**. The quote presumably does not apply to the Detroit Cougars soccer team, of which he is a co-owner, but there was enough Olson luck recently to offset most of Race Driver **Dan Gurney**'s chronic ill fortune. Gurney is well known as a good driver plagued by freakish mishaps, and this year in the U.S. he had been slogging through a typical Gurney spell. The winner of Le Mans and the Belgian Grand Prix had not won a major race here since September 1966. Then 16 days before the recent Riverside 300 he agreed to sell Ozzie Olson his Eagle and, no doubt because of his new connection with old Golden Touch Olson, Dan went out to take the pole position and the race. Of course, he returned to the All American Racers' truck to find that someone had stolen his wife's purse during the victory lap. But his new partner was still confident. Olson has already reserved the presidential suite at the Speedway Inn out by the Indianapolis Speedway for the month of May.

Defense Secretary **Robert McNamara** (*left*) has finished building a new ski house 9,000 feet up at Snowmass, near Aspen, Colo. Amidst all the recent speculation about his feelings—Did McNamara really want to leave the Cabinet? Did he really want to become president of the World Bank?—there was one certainty. He did really want to get away from the whole mess and go skiing.

The big problem about reporting on the sailing activities of the King of Thailand is the spelling. His Majesty King **Bhumibol**, who has built several boats at Chitralada Palace in Bangkok, will compete against his eldest daughter, Princess **Ubol Ratana**, in the SEAP Games to be held in Bangkok from December 9 to 16. In the sailing trials to select the national team for the South East Asia Peninsula Games the 16-year-old princess sailed the Vega-1 dinghy, in which her father made his historic 16-hour crossing of the Gulf of Siam from Hua Hin to Sattahip in 1966, and she beat his second and third with a pair of firsts. Princess Ubol Ratana was taught to sail by her father during vacations at Pattaya and Hua Hin, seaside resorts on the Gulf of Siam, and she has been taking part in competitions for two years. Her younger brother, Crown Prince **Vajiralongkorn**, also sails, but is studying in Britain at the moment. As for Her Majesty Queen **Sirikit**, her gentler nautical pleasure is floating down rivers on inner tubes.

Continental designers and engineers start with the finest car made in America.

They refine it: Wraparound parking lights and taillights. A new front grille design.

Improve it: Instrument panel. Interiors. A smoother shifting transmission.

Test it over 2000 times. Then test it again: our 12-mile road test.

Only then is it ready for your approval: the 1968 Continental.

America's most distinguished motorcar.

Lincoln Continental

Ford LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

Give & Take

the gift of Gold—
the Scotch with the Golden Light Taste,
impressively gift-wrapped in its
heavily embossed gold foil carton.

the brand new Globetrotter Fifth—
the most fitting traveling companion that
ever packed away flat in a suitcase.
It arrived just in time for the Holidays –
but this slim beauty will be available
for year-round give and take!

Packs flat as a shirt

THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES 86 PROOF SOLE DISTR U S A MUNSON G SHAW CO , N Y , N Y

In a boneyard for favorites

Underdog Navy surprised Army with an outdated I offense and an I-got-you defense to win one it had been waiting 364 days to play

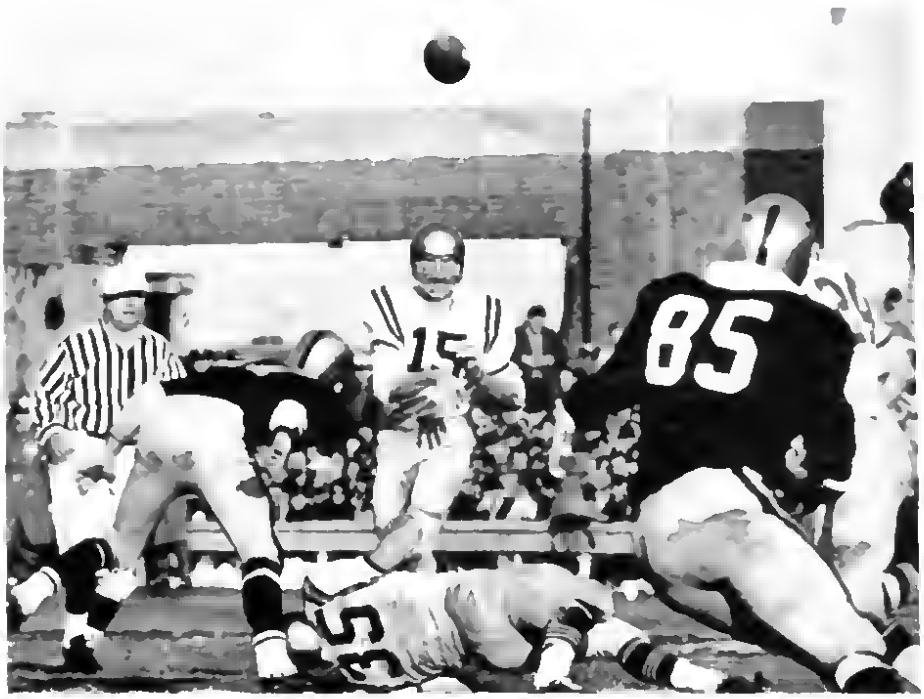
The Great Service Rivalry is all that it appears, but it is more. It is a once-a-year exercise in schizophrenia. Everything gets turned around. You don't quite catch it, because in all the excitement it passes quickly, like a face on the subway platform, and because conditioning—68 years of it—has made some of the looniness predictable. For example, in the days leading up to last week's Army-Navy game, Army players were hauled into print with words sure to give Navy a psychological lift. One was quoted as saying the Navy quarterback, John Cartwright, "rattles" under pressure. Another said he was "not impressed with the Navy pass defense." Crazy. Ara Parseghian would have had their tongues. Meanwhile, at Annapolis, the Midshipmen collected $6,960 for a full-page ad in *The New York Times* that was pointed enough (it showed a dead Army mule under an RIP headstone) to give the incentive right back to Army. Crazy. A Navy officer was the guest speaker at the *Army* pep rally and through a barrage of snowballs yelled for the Army to "beat Army!" Crazy.

Introductory incidents were, as usual, deliciously unmilitary. A delegation of Army first classmen, taught to be gentlemen, stole into the night and away with the Navy mascot, a goat named Bill. Navy knew Bill would next appear in the Cadet mess hall the week of the game as an object of inspiration, so it declared Bill arthritic and mustered him out of the service *in absentia*. A little later the Army reveille cannon disappeared. This was blamed, wrongly, on Navy. West Point night riders burned loose the chains and slipped the cannon into the Hudson River. The game was just an excuse.

Navy called to complain formally that naval officers instructing at West Point were taking a terrific hazing the week of the game. Army said wasn't that nice, and how about the time a few years ago when one of your commanders up here got back to his quarters and couldn't get in because his room had been filled with scrap paper, and what else can we do for you?

The big game is played at Philadelphia's John F. Kennedy Stadium, which used to be Municipal Stadium. By any name it would be the same: the world's most massive inconvenience. It exists almost solely for Army-Navy. It is too dirty to be called a white elephant. It

continued



NAVY'S CARTWRIGHT (15) flips pass (*above*) into Army huddle that Halfback Murray (24) catches (*below*), in type of play that constantly tooled Army, which expected sideline throws

was designed to put 102,000 people in, but mostly they are put out. So every year the game is standing-room-only at $8.50 a seat, and stern, correct officers of the service arrive with yellow panties hanging from their car windows that say "Go, Navy" on the stern. The Army-Navy program weighs two pounds and sells for $1 and is the only one in the world that has baby pictures of the players. This year's revealed that John Cartwright weighed 35 pounds when he was one year old.

It seems that only Army Coach Tom Cahill takes a calm, sane approach to the game, in the manner customary among successful coaches. "If we lose, there's always next year," he says. This, of course, is not the way you do it for Army-Navy. The way you do it is you violate every tenet of successful coaching camouflage by openly pointing for the game. Navy's Bill Elias calls it "self-inflicted pressure," and he started inflicting early. When he was asked last spring how much time he spent thinking about Army, he said, "How many days are there in a year?" He has "Beat Army" signs on everything in his office that does not move. His assistant coach in charge of offense, Lee Corso, made a Days-to-Army calendar and began counting down. Elias said that it was all right for Tom Cahill to call it "just another game," because Cahill had won last year, his first as Army's head coach. "It's just another game if you win," said Elias. "It's not just another game if you lose."

Consistent with the insanity beforehand, the game itself usually gets turned around. Army-Navy has always been a boneyard for favorites. Army was favored by 6½ points over Navy last week. Army's defense was to be decisive. John Cartwright was going to rattle—he *did* have that tendency in seasons past—and both coaching staffs knew it. Navy's unimpressive pass defense was going to get shelled by Army Quarterback Steve Lindell, who had passed for two touchdowns to win the 1966 game. Army Fullback Charlie Jarvis was going to pick up where he left off a year ago, which was somewhere in the Navy secondary running with the football.

And? Cartwright was so rattled he had the best game of his life. Navy's pass defense almost had a shutout. Lindell could have passed his helmet better than he did the ball. Jarvis gained 16 yards, net, and to this nonperformance added a fumble at the end to kill Army's last chance. The Middies won 19-14, and in their wildly happy, depressurized dressing room they showered each other with—milk. This is Army-Navy.

It is impossible to tell how significant a part psychology played. Cartwright said he kept Army's remark "up here," tapping his forehead, but if he were indeed so inclined it might just as well have served to make him more jittery. You never know. There are, however, some tangibles to help explain Navy's turnabout and Cartwright's brilliant season, in which he broke six of Roger Staubach's Academy passing and total-offense records and got Elias so puffed up with admiration that he called him "better than Gary Behan."

Navy this year allowed more points (253) than any team in Academy history, so for the last two weeks of practice Elias devoted almost all his time to mending defenses. He even announced that he would start—and he did, and they played almost the entire game—three men in the secondary who were the rawest of rookies, Shelly Buttrill, Gerry Motl and Jimmy Sheppard. Corso, meanwhile, was allowed to do what he wanted with the offense.

What Corso wanted was to resurrect a formation from his quarterbacking days at Florida State 14 years before, one Navy had been itching to use all

MIDSHIPMEN FILL HIS HORIZON AS ARMY'S COACH CAHILL LEAVES FIELD DEFEATED

season. It was a straight I formation, originated by Corso's coach at FSU, Tom Nugent, and the forerunner of all the fancy I's you see winking and blinking at places like USC and Notre Dame today. A straight I is just what it sounds like—all four backs line up behind the center, conga fashion. Corso is a keen student of offenses, but he is also a very enthusiastic young man, and he could not keep his own secret. Nugent, now a sportscaster in Miami, called him on the air last Thursday night, and Corso said to the world, "Coach, you better watch the game Saturday. We're going back to what we used to do at FSU." No need to worry about tipping his hand, however because Army would never believe anything Navy said.

The I gave Navy an extra blocker in the backfield—which meant more power to attack Army's tackles and to kick out on Army's ends. Halfbacks Jeri Balsly and Terry Murray could have walked through some of the holes that resulted. But it was Cartwright's passing and, as important, his selection of passes that made the difference as Navy built up a 19–0 lead before Army finally shook itself of a bad case of the flats and started moving. This year Navy's former 35-pound one-year-old had been reconstituted from a straight drop-back passer to an expert on play-action and roll-out passes, and when he set up deep it was always at an angle. Aggressive teams like Army were not able to rush him as well as in the past, and this proved critical, for Army had planned to show Cartwright some muscle in this game. In addition, to help Cartwright's confidence, he had been told to "play it loose," to throw whenever he wanted to.

The second time Navy got the ball last Saturday, Cartwright gave a broad hint of what was to follow. Faced with a third down and less than a yard at the Army 49, he brought Navy out in a tight I, no flankers, no splits. Army bunched in to stop the expected ground thrust, and everybody but the mayor of Philadelphia headed for the hole at right tackle. But Cartwright dropped back and floated a little teaser down the middle to End Rob Taylor. Army did not recover until Taylor was on the 13.

Navy only managed a field goal out of that one, but it scored on a 45-yard drive after a pass interception moments later. Then in the second quarter Cartwright took the Middies 93 yards for what proved to be the winning touchdown. Calling the plays himself, he was Solomon in shoulder pads. He never made an unwise move, nor was there ever a loss. He completed four passes out of four, two to Tight End Mike Clark, who was so open he looked like he had popped out of the ground. At the Army 13, Cartwright reverted to Balsly and Balsly ran it in.

If there is one thing you can be sure of since calm-and-collected Cahill came to be West Point's coach, it is that at moments like this—behind 19–0 after a safety and people tumbling for the exits to beat the awful traffic—Army will not fold its tent. Seven times this season Army had come from behind to win. This was almost No. 8. With only 13 minutes left to play and Lindell's ineffectiveness unimpaired, Cahill called on a second-stringer, Jimmy O'Toole, who is a better passer but does not happen to be a better quarterback. Enthusiastic for the first time all day, Army drove 51 yards for a touchdown. Now the Cadet defense got interested. Army put Cartwright on his back and another punt was forced. With a little more than seven minutes to go, Army was again near midfield. On the first play O'Toole reared back and passed long downfield to End Gary Steele, who had been dropping passes all day. Steele, half a step in the clear, dropped this one, too. But O'Toole called the same play to the same steel-handed but winged-footed Steele. Connection. Fifty yards and a touchdown. Crazy. See, everything gets all turned around. Now Navy led only 19–14 with 7:05 to play. Moments later a short, hurried Navy punt gave Army the ball only 26 yards from the Navy goal. The madhouse was a madhouse.

But O'Toole no sooner had Army driving than Jarvis fumbled at the 20, and the game belonged to Navy.

Navy finished the year with a 5-4-1 record, its first winning season in three under Elias, who can say truthfully as they said all week in Annapolis, "Winning is good for the soul." He can also say it is good for the future, because his job was in doubt had Navy lost. Army finished 8-2 for the second straight year under its remarkable coach. Whether Tom Cahill would trade records with Bill Elias for a victory over Navy only he can say. Perhaps there is a Days-to-Navy calendar hanging in his office right now. Crazy. END

DON'T KILL THE MARTINI

Mix with BOISSIERE

(Say "Bwa-See-Air")
LE FRENCH VERMOUTH TRES DRY

Bring your Martini to life with Boissiere. Crisp... subtle...extra dry...the connoisseur's vermouth It does make a difference.

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U S A
MUNSON G SHAW CO., NEW YORK

TENNIS / *Frank Deford*

A tonic for a game with tired blood

Promoter Dave Dixon (below) is out to sign the top amateurs into a gaudy, money-making pro league

Professional tennis has always been a palsied enterprise, though more comic than sad. In recent years it has generally been run by the players themselves, and, in the main, they have shown less aptitude for management than the barnyard executives down on Orwell's Animal Farm. It is astonishing, then, that in the last few months, with the overwhelming stealth of a bloodless coup, professional tennis has threatened to become *the* tennis. "Our feeling here," Billie Jean King said in Australia the other day, "is that this is the last amateur circuit of its kind." Obviously, off their track record, the pros could never have managed this themselves. Nor did they. In fact, three outside forces sponsored the upheaval.

• The British Lawn Tennis Association, which will certainly declare the heart of the game, Wimbledon, to be a tournament open to pros as well as amateurs.

• George MacCall, a Los Angeles insurance executive who has been the captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team. MacCall has taken over most of the old pro tour—including Pancho Gonzalez and the three top players in the world, Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall and Andres Gimeno. Amateur Roy Emerson will join the group that plans a worldwide tour for purse money in excess of $500,000. It will begin play in the U.S. in late March.

• Dave Dixon, executive secretary of the Louisiana Stadium and Exposition District, an interloper in the tennis world who didn't know the pros existed until he stumbled upon them in Binghamton, N.Y. last summer. Dixon has joined with Lamar Hunt, the Dallas moneyaire, to form a generally younger pro troupe, called the "Handsome Eight." It will begin play in Kansas City on February 1, and go on a six-month tour with a format of two three-day tournaments a week in arenas throughout the U.S. for prize money approaching $700,000. The Handsome Eight includes three players who are already professional—Dennis Ralston, Butch Buchholz and Pierre Barthes—and five amateurs who will turn pro after the Davis Cup—John Newcombe and Tony Roche of Australia; Cliff Drysdale of South Africa; Roger Taylor of Great Britain; and Nikki Pilic of Yugoslavia.

The amateurs are left with tradition and obstinance and little else. Having lost most of the players, they are trying to hang on to the showcase tournament, Wimbledon—or, failing that, to refuse to permit amateurs to play there. Canada and New Zealand are the only two countries in the International Lawn Tennis Federation who have promised to support Great Britain. Several other countries, including the U.S. and Australia, have at least shown some sympathy, and will probably work to keep Britain from being expelled from the ILTF. Britain herself is in no mood to back down. "Having exploded the bomb, we cannot put it back together again," says J. Eaton Griffith, an ILTF vice-president who is leading Britain's fight.

Only two of the remaining top amateurs (Pierre Darmon of France and Lieut. Arthur Ashe of the U.S.) have intimated that they will, on their own, play in a Wimbledon Open, so, unless the ILTF relents, the tournament will be very nearly all-pro. Wimbledon blithely expects both the MacCall and Dixon troupes to appear by reflex, but it has made contact with neither, and, while MacCall expects his men to be at Wimbledon, there is considerable doubt that the Handsome Eight—including Newcombe, who is, after all, the defending champion—will make it. Arena dates must be contracted for well in advance. Dixon already has one booking (in the Baltimore Civic Center) during Wimbledon, and is working on others. "It's a terrible dilemma," he says. "I want very much to work with Wimbledon for we both can help each other a great deal, but it is impossible for me to wait forever to find out how things will work out over there. And they haven't contacted me at all. I am willing, and even planning, to have my players participate at Wimbledon in '69 and '70, but I just can't disrupt all our planning now when everything is so indefinite."

Tennis people, being tennis people, are leery of Dixon anyway, since he is not tennis people, and there are already rumblings that if he doesn't get the Handsome Eight over there, he will be exposed as no more than a quick-buck operator. This seems a harsh, snap appraisal that takes no account of his position.

Dixon is a native of New Orleans, born to the tight Mardi Gras society, a graduate of local Tulane (which he entered when he was 16). A fine amateur golfer before his putting skills deserted him, he has played in both the National

continued

the greatest gift going...

The Old Crow Traveler fifth for around the world. Available in a handsome year-round gift box.

The traditional Old Crow fifth for around the home. Gift wrapped at no extra cost.

or staying

Trying to find a gift for a man that's going places? Give him the Old Crow Traveler, the sleek new fifth that packs as flat as a shirt. Or give him Old Crow in the traditional round fifth. Either way Christmas is something to Crow about. Smooth, mellow Old Crow. It's like no other. That's why it's the largest selling Bourbon in the world.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 86 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE FAMOUS OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.

IT'S WINTER NOW. YOUR PROBLEMS ARE JUST STARTING.

Hard to get up and get moving on a cold, winter morning? Rest assured, your car engine feels the same way.

You see, when you finally do get out of bed and turn that ignition key, your engine may not have sufficient lubrication to turn over. It just lies there. What happens is that, in cold weather, oil alone, even all-weather oil, can drain off, stiffen, and refuse to flow.

Result: your engine won't start. The more you try, the more you rrrrrun down your battery, and it's downhill from then on.

The answer: STP® Oil Treatment. STP is like anti-freeze for your oil. It clings to your engine parts and won't let go or thicken no matter how cold it gets. So your engine slides smoothly into motion on the iciest morning.

But STP isn't just for starters. The world's leading race drivers and millions of motorists use STP Oil Treatment all year long to keep their engines running smoother, quieter, and longer.

Have your gasoline service station add STP to your oil. Before numbing cold gets your number.

A Scientifically Tested Product

A Division of Studebaker Corporation

The racer's edge

Amateur and the U.S. Open. He owned a successful plywood business and when he sold out a few years ago he turned his major efforts to obtaining a football franchise for New Orleans. This in turn led to his appointment as head of the commission that eventually found voter approval for the planned construction of a 70,000-seat domed stadium. Curious, intense and thorough, Dixon can also be, by contrast, almost boyishly enthusiastic. It is generally assumed in New Orleans that he is planning to run for mayor. If he is silent on the subject, it is taken that he is being coy. Denials suggest only that he doth protest too much. After two decades of abject baldness, he began wearing a snappy toupee in the last month, and this has only heightened speculation that he is seeking to enhance his political image. Nevertheless, no matter what he plans for the future, it is strictly pro tennis that consumes Dave Dixon now.

His affair with the game began with a blind date last July. He was not even sure that pro tennis still existed, but he sought to examine the game as a potential tenant for the domed stadium, and asked his secretary to sleuth about to see if and whither the pros. She directed Dixon to Binghamton, N.Y.—the Valley of Opportunity, as natives are wont to call the area—where the pros were sequestered for a few days, entertaining a faithful coterie under the hot summer sun. Despite the setting, Dixon was impressed by the product. "I had completely forgotten what a great game tennis really is," he says. He and his wife Mary were soon jotting down little statistics about let balls and returns of first service and things of that sort. By the time the Dixons left the Valley of Opportunity an idea for a new pro tour had already begun to grow in his mind.

Originally, Dixon enlisted some New Orleans friends to help him finance the project. Later, he found it necessary to lead with some name money and enlisted Hunt for 50%. Dixon holds the other half of World Championship Tennis, Inc., square name for the Handsome Eight.

Using Hunt's name to open doors, Dixon scurried off after the players. He was momentarily stymied, however, when MacCall signed the Laver-Rosewall-Gimeno triumvirate. "I've got to give it to George," Dixon says. "He was just a better salesman and he outhustled me. George is a great guy, and we're going to stay in touch and try to be friendly rivals. Eventually, I'm sure we can work out tournaments where all our players will compete."

MacCall agrees. "I think we will not only force each other to be better, but we will provide an impetus and an image that will help amateur tennis as well."

Dixon's best player is the first one he did sign, Dennis Ralston. He brought Ralston, his wife Linda and their baby daughter down to his house that sits next to the tenth hole at the New Orleans Country Club. He entertained them for a week while he and Ralston came to an agreement after attorneys had pored over the curious maze of pro contracts to find out if Ralston was, in fact, available. "It was like the pro football baby-sitting," Dixon says. "I wasn't going to let the Ralstons out of my sight."

Dixon estimates that the leading money winner in his troupe—most likely Ralston—can make $200,000 a year, the lowest of the octet, he says, will escape with no less than $40,000. "By all the laws of mathematics," Dixon says, "our top money winner will make more than Nicklaus or Palmer."

The Dixon tour is studiously planned, streamlined to cram the most action into an efficient schedule. All play will be under the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System, with 31-point games that consume about a half hour's time. MacCall's group will use regular tennis scoring, and play in outdoor facilities. Dixon's eight will never go outside ("I don't care how good somebody's weather is") and all of the matches will be played on one of the four Astroturf courts that are on order.

Prize money will be budgeted at about $10,000 a tourney. Arenas from Vancouver to San Juan have already been engaged, and the marathon tour may extend to as long as eight months. With two tournaments a week, this will require a travel schedule that will tax both the participants and St. Christopher. In a typical month—March—the tour will play in Wichita, Omaha, Des Moines, Ann Arbor, Detroit, Denver, Albuquerque, Phoenix, San Diego, Long Beach and Los Altos, Calif. Dixon estimates that he needs 2,000 fans per session to break even. There will be five sessions per tournament, about 10 a week. With VASSS eliminating all those horrible 19-17 sets, though, it will be rare when any player must be on the court for more than an hour a day. Television has not bitten yet, but the formula seems perfect for the big eye, and Dixon is in touch. So is MacCall.

The operation is not to be cheap. Saturation advertising at each stop is planned. A full-time PR man will travel with the tour, another will remain in the New Orleans office. Various tie-in marketing schemes are in the works. Huge quantities of rackets have already been ordered from Pakistan (yes, Pakistan), to be given to the kids on numerous "Racket Days." If the USLTA will sanction it (but don't count on it), Dixon wants to have pro-am doubles competition at each stop, with proceeds going to the local amateur tennis organization. Both the AP and UPI have already agreed to print daily standings of the tour along with the VASSS averages, and as sure as your paper prints the American Hockey League standings every day, so too you will soon find something like:

PRO TENNIS

	W	L	RATING
RALSTON	32	17	28.1
NEWCOMBE	30	19	27.7
BUCHHOLZ	29	20	27.5

James Van Alen, progenitor and lone-eagle promulgator of VASSS, has promised an attractive cup for the VASSS champion—just like he did for the amateurs, only this one will have 200 grand to fill it. As has also been mischievously pointed out in some dark corners, VASSS makes it convenient not only to handicap tennis, but even to make a good old-fashioned point spread on the proper old game. Saints preserve us.

Healthy expression—even booing—will be encouraged to replace the sepulchral silence that inhibits tennis fun. Efforts will be constantly made to instill personality in the tour. For instance, only one player (or doubles team) on the court will be in the traditional white. The other player will be dressed in his own distinctively colored attire—green, black, red and so on.

With Wimbledon and most all of the world's great players in its corner, pro tennis seems likely to succeed. If it is not successful under these optimum conditions, it is best to just give the farm back to the animals and write pro tennis off forever as a viable major league entertainment. **END**

CROSS COUNTRY / *Pete Axthelm*

In what served as a test of the altitude problems Olympic runners will face at lofty Mexico City—and never mind the wind and the snow—the NCAA championship was held in Laramie, way up there at 7,200 feet

A long, cold run on the heights of Wyoming

Cutting wind wailed in 25° temperature across the desolate plain surrounding the Laramie (Wyo.) Country Club. The altitude was 7,200 feet, but the land was flat, varying less than 100 feet in elevation for miles around. Looking across the plain, with its scrubby grass and patches of snow, toward the distant gray mountains, you could see no trees, no houses, no wildlife—nothing but a few pickup trucks, some colored flags marking portions of a six-mile cross-country course, and 112 athletes who were jogging around, preparing to run those six miles.

A comfortable voice from inside one of the heated trucks called out over a loudspeaker: "Three minutes until the start. Take off your warmup clothes." The competitors stripped off windbreakers and other bulky clothing and moved toward the starting line. In their motley assortment of bright caps and earmuffs and long underwear beneath their team uniforms, with the steam from their breath hanging about their faces, the athletes looked strange, ghostlike, almost comical—like willing victims of a vast practical joke.

The race was for the National Collegiate Athletic Association cross-country championship, the climax of the fall season for the college distance runners. The participants had endured months of rigorous training and hard competition. They had run miles and miles every week, pushing and punishing themselves for the private satisfaction of beating someone else dedicated to the same goals, while the rest of the campus watched the football team. Now they had reached the summit of their sport, in the peculiarly fitting setting of Laramie.

After the University of Wyoming was founded there in 1887, the people of Laramie were moved to call the town the "Athens of Wyoming." Now an active city of 22,000, Laramie is jovial enough for even the strictest Baptist church to advertise "Friendly Fundamental Biblebelieving," and image-striving enough for citizens to proudly call it "the home of both Curt Gowdy and Drew Pearson's first wife." The Chamber of Commerce guidebook reassures newcomers that "Laramie has never been a boom town nor has it suffered a really severe setback." The town is as stolid and as unglamorous as cross country itself, and last week, as if to make the distance runners feel truly at home, it was completely wrapped up in football, its adored Wyoming Cowboys are undefeated and headed for the Sugar Bowl.

The runners ventured into Laramie for the rare privilege of testing their fortitude in an altitude that would burn their lungs, against a wind that would numb their faces and almost close their eyes, in a brutal 30-minute exercise that would only prove to most of them what they knew already: that they could not run as fast as Gerry Lindgren of Washington State. For Lindgren, the race was an experiment in racing at an altitude comparable to that of Mexico City, a first step in a year of careful training for the Olympics. For a few others, the cross-country season was a training period to help prepare them for more intensive efforts at shorter distances in winter and spring track. But for most the NCAA was an end in itself, a chance to prove to themselves that all their solitary work was not in vain.

The race itself was about as exciting as watching the snow clumps on the prairie. Lindgren moved into first place after less than half a mile, led the field down a fairway, through a few gates, over a wooden bridge that spanned a dry creek, and, with 4½ miles to go, had

made the ultimate result clear. At the farthest point from the start, the wind became most severe—but the slight Lindgren seemed the least troubled of anyone. After three miles Gerry turned into a one-mile straightaway as forbidding looking as any part of the course. He hardly glanced at the seemingly endless expanse ahead of him and calmly maintained his lead. "The wind almost cut me in two out there," said Mike Ryan of the Air Force Academy, who finished third. "And that straightaway," said Mark Gibbens of Indiana, who was 12th, "well, you just can't let yourself look at that. You've got to keep your eyes on the feet of the guy in front of you."

Returning to the wooden bridge with about 1½ miles to go, Lindgren looked downright relaxed. "I did feel very good at that point," he said. "But then that fellow Gelling made a good run at me and I had to pick it up. That last mile, against the wind, was just murder. I had all I could do to keep running." Actually, Arjan Gelling, a tall, 21-year-old sophomore from North Dakota University, did not seriously threaten Lindgren, although he closed strongly in second place. Lindgren arrived at the finish all alone, to be greeted by the quiet applause of a few dozen spectators.

The applause will get much louder for Gerry during the next year. Last week he was far more concerned with his personal findings in his first real test at high altitude. He won the six- and three-mile at the NCAAs last spring at Provo, Utah (4,549 feet above sea level), but, he said, "The times were too slow to tell me anything." His six-mile time at Laramie was 30:45.6, good under the conditions and fast enough to tell him a lot. "I heard that the altitude affects you most after two days," he said, "so I came in two days before the race. I wanted to feel the worst that it could do to me, and I guess I did. I felt dizzy after the race. I could hardly get myself to move. Now I feel a little better, but I think I've learned something about altitude today."

While Lindgren was concluding his experiment and casually winning his second NCAA cross-country title, the runners behind him enjoyed the real excitement of the day. Before the race Gelling had looked around him and said to a friend, "What am I doing here? I shouldn't be running against these guys. I'll be lucky to finish in the first 15." Gelling, who was born in Holland and lives in Canada, took up cross country for a not unusual reason. "I was so slow that the 10-mile was my best race in high school. In fact, I went to North Dakota because every other school thought I was too slow to be given a track scholarship. But if I could finish second here I guess I can hope to run the 10,000 meters on the Canadian Olympic team."

Ryan followed Gelling across the line and immediately turned to wait for Air Force teammate Terry Gruters, who ran the best race of his life to be 14th, good enough for the All-America ranking, which goes to the top 15. "I'm so happy," panted Gruters. "I just never figured on something like this. In fact, I was going to quit cross country this year. But I knew we'd have a good team, and I didn't want everybody saying, 'We have a good team now because Gruters quit.' And now I'm All-America. This is really farfetched."

Air Force, benefiting from experience in the altitude, almost pulled off an upset of heavily favored Villanova, falling only five points short in the team standings. Unlike Lindgren, Villanova Coach Jim Elliott was not at all interested in challenging the altitude under the worst conditions. "It hurts you least if you have more than 21 days or less than 24 hours in it," he said. "So we arrived about 18 hours before the race. It still bothered some of our runners like Dave Patrick [who was 34th] and Frank Murphy [68th], and we could have done better with some training here. But at least we won."

Many coaches and athletes fled Laramie within minutes after the race. Lindgren did not even bother to wait to pick up his award at the ceremony an hour later. The Wyoming people who did show up at the ceremony talked mostly of the Sugar Bowl. But no amount of anticlimax could really detract from the moment for most of the runners. Awards and attention are not essential parts of the cross-country way of life. Neither, for that matter, is winning. There were guys finishing 90th or 100th at Laramie who had been finishing far back all season, and who probably will return next year to work just as hard and finish just as far back. "We all live on hope," said Glen Knapp of Oregon State, who was 92nd. "I don't think there was anybody here who didn't have the idea that he could be in the first 20." The icy wind was at Knapp's back, slapping his thin sweat suit against his legs. "And I don't think the weather conditions were bad. I'd say it was a great day, really." **END**

UNFAZED, GERRY LINDGREN WON EASILY

BOWLING / *Gwilym S. Brown*

Far piece from Oconomowoc

Jack Connaughton seldom had left his tiny Wisconsin home town. Then he traveled to Paris and won the world amateur bowling title

Sport is so internationally oriented these days that it has become fun to guess who will turn up winning what where. No one is surprised to see that Arnold Palmer has taken a golf tournament in Mexico City, but what about a shy youngster from Wisconsin State University at La Crosse, hobbing up in Paris to capture the world amateur singles bowling title? Last September Jack Connaughton hadn't even heard of the International Masters Championship. Though 21, he had never strayed too far from the tiny community of Oconomowoc, Wis. (pop. 6,682) where he now lives, or from Waukesha, 18 miles away, where he was born and learned to bowl. But last week he handled the temptations of Paris and the terrors of international competition as easily as if it were all taking place down at his grandfather Floyd Dunbar's bowling alley on Waukesha's South Street instead of at the chic little Bowling de Paris in the Bois de Boulogne. Ably representing the U.S. in every way, Jack, with his clean good looks, his shy good manners and his consistently good bowling, thoroughly dominated a field made up of one bowler from each of 29 countries. He marked up the high score, with an average of 196 per game, in the 18-game qualifying round. He marked up the high score, with an average of 198, in the 22-game semifinal round. Then he recovered from a nervous, nearly disastrous start in the one-game, sudden-death final to defeat 31-year-old Kazuo Hayashi of Japan by 195 pins to 172.

The fact that Connaughton was not aware of the tournament until shortly before he won it cannot be classed as inexcusable ignorance on his part. Until this year the International Masters hardly had made a resounding impact on the world of sport, even the sport of bowling. Sponsored by the Fédération Internationale des Quilleurs—a group that might be described as the ruling body of world bowling, mainly because the title is claimed by nobody else—the bowling division of American Machine & Foundry and Coca-Cola, the Masters has only just completed its third low-keyed event. It had previously been held in Dublin and London, and is the invention of Vic Kalman, former bowler, former bowling writer for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and currently public-relations man in AMF's London office. Connaughton earned his trip by winning the all-events title at the Association of College Unions' Intercollegiate Championship, but most of the entrants had qualified by winning FIQ eliminations in each country. Each one's amateur status seemed beyond question, but the list of occupations read like something off the forged passports of an international spy ring—a Lebanese tailor, an Iranian mechanic, a Swiss bank cashier, a chocolate salesman from Milan, a baker from Paris and a life-insurance salesman from British Columbia. Not that the Sûreté or the CIA were worried exactly, but they were glad when all the contestants proved they could bowl.

From the very first string, when he blasted out seven straight strikes and scored a 248, Connaughton proved himself the best of a good lot, which is not surprising, since Jack has been bowling since he was 8 years old. His father was killed in an automobile accident when Jack was 5, and the boy, an only child, was practically raised in the two bowling centers that his mother's father owned in Waukesha. By the time he was 16 Jack was averaging a startling 215 per game, had hit three perfect 300 games in league competition and was picking up more than a few dollars each week bowling in three of Milwaukee's ABC leagues. Then something funny happened. Jack started to play baseball. The summer he was 16, in 1962, Jack played a *lot* of baseball. On Tuesday,

continued

BEFORE THE FINALS, JACK CRADLES THE FAVORITE BALL HE FEARED HE HAD LOST

The only real choice in luxury motoring

This year, the major decision faced by discriminating car buyers is whether to enjoy the traditional elegance of Cadillac's familiar models or the exciting individuality of Eldorado, the world's finest personal car. Only Cadillac offers such a dramatic choice in this price class. There are nine other models, including a limousine and a convertible—the largest selection in the luxury car field. All share Cadillac's great new 472 V-8 engine and quality craftsmanship. Your Cadillac dealer will be delighted to acquaint you with the many ways that you can enjoy the Standard of the World for 1968.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Elegance in action *Cadillac for 1968*

*NEW YORK STATE PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER OR LOWER IN OTHER STATES
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

It is better to receive.

A fifth of Johnnie Walker Black is better to receive because at $9.40* it's expensive (so expensive we've thought of calling it Sir Jonathan Walker Black); because it's been around for a century and a half; because today it's the most respected scotch in 168 countries; because it's anything but nouveau riche; and because if you receive it you get to taste the mellowest scotch of all.

And that is why it is better to give.

The New Parker International Classic.

Even our skinniest pen outwrites every other ballpoint.

Believe it or not, the Parker International Classic writes more words than any other pen.

(Even big, fat pens twice its size).

The whole trick is an extra large ink cartridge inside, wrapped snugly in an extra slim case outside.

In short, we narrowed the Classic down to a point where you can write the most words with the least pen.

The Parker International Classic. You can have it wrapped in brushed steel, sterling silver or 14K gold.

It's the least we could do.

Thursday and Sunday he played hardball on Monday and Wednesday softball. That did not leave much time for bowling.

"I didn't roll a single bowling ball all summer," he says. "By the time fall came around my form was completely gone and I couldn't get it back. I've seen films of me before that summer and films of me since, and it's just two different bowlers. I had to do a complete rebuilding job."

Jack hasn't been close to that 215 average of his high school days since. He stopped bowling professionally, rejoined the amateur ranks in 1964 and, during his freshman year at La Crosse, averaged 191 pins per game. By this year he was back up to 201, which was good scoring but not quite good enough to send him rushing out onto bowling's pro tour where an average of between 210 and 215 is needed to bring in the prize money. His kind of bowling was good enough to win what amounts to the U.S. collegiate championship, however. And in September he was invited to Paris.

"I'd never been anywhere before," says Jack. "It all seemed a little too much." His fiancée, La Crosse sophomore Gloria Sebranek, was told by friends that Paris might well subvert her handsome boy friend, but Gloria had no cause for alarm. Jack went to church on Sunday morning, quietly dined out a couple of times, went to the opera, an American movie (*The Born Loser*) and the Arc de Triomphe, otherwise, he was content to commute sedately between the 12-lane establishment Bowling de Paris, and his hotel, each night sliding virtuously into the lobby past a gauntlet of not-so-virtuous ladies who cooed invitations from cars parked across the street.

After three full days of bowling, the final round was quick and ruthless. In the semifinal each of 12 contestants played 22 games with the other 11, and the four highest scorers advanced to the final round, which was televised throughout Europe. The third- and fourth-place semifinalists played off first, the winner meeting the No. 2 finisher in the second game. Then the survivor of that met Connaughton, the high-scoring semifinalist, in the ultimate one-game final.

In the first game Hayashi, who owns a small building-construction firm in Osaka, bowled strikes as if he were driving nails and polished off the 45-year-old Parisian baker, Rene Ferrie, 213-173. In the second game Hayashi continued to hammer out strikes, seven in all, and routed the 32-year-old Milanese chocolate salesman, Lino Braghieri, 243-168. None of this provided much comfort for Connaughton, who sat directly behind the bowlers fidgeting nervously as he eyed the hot klieg lights, the cameramen lining the left side of the two lanes used for the final and the other tournament bowlers ranged on chairs down the right side. Then just as Hayashi was completing his decisive defeat of Braghieri, Connaughton noticed that something was missing.

"Hey, where's my bowling ball?" he whispered frantically to the people sitting around him. "I left it on the rack after the semifinals, but it's not there anymore." Jack's nerves hardly were calmed by the fact that a search turned up the ball under the bench on which he had been sitting, and by the time he stood up to roll the opening ball in his game against Hayashi it was about even money whether he could keep it out of the gutter. He did, but not with much result. When the pins had fallen Connaughton was faced with a three-10 split, which he failed to pick up. Hayashi then opened strike-spare, and Connaughton found himself 11 pins down.

But he wasn't down for long. He came back with two strikes in his next turn, and when Hayashi—now the nervous one—left himself the impossible seven-10 split in the fourth frame, Connaughton had the 11-pin lead. The Japanese lost his last chance to catch up in the ninth frame. His first ball hurtled down the 60 feet of maple lane and hooked smoothly, right into the strike zone between the No. 1 and No. 3 pins. A perfect strike! Not quite. The No. 10 pin remained stubbornly upright in its dark corner, and Hayashi was beaten.

It had been an exciting few days for the tournament in general and for Connaughton in particular, but though he was glad the whole thing was now over the young American was not about to go out on the town and wildly celebrate in a Pigalle nightclub. Early the next day Jack Connaughton packed up his trophies and his pitch-black, 16 pound bowling ball and headed straight home to Gloria. Well, not just Gloria. "We've got an important meet coming up in our college conference on Saturday," he said earnestly, "and I really don't want to miss it." **END**

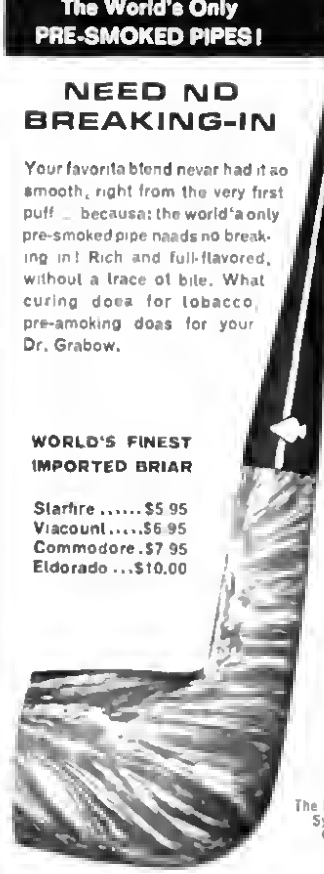
Dr. Grabow
The World's Only PRE-SMOKED PIPES!

NEED NO BREAKING-IN

Your favorite blend never had it so smooth, right from the very first puff ... because the world's only pre-smoked pipe needs no breaking in! Rich and full-flavored, without a trace of bite. What curing does for tobacco, pre-smoking does for your Dr. Grabow.

WORLD'S FINEST IMPORTED BRIAR

Starfire $5.95
Viscount.....$6.95
Commodore .$7.95
Eldorado ...$10.00



The Dr. Grabow Symbol of Quality

For FREE Information Booklet Write to DR. GRABOW Pre-Smoked Pipes, Greensboro, N.C.

America's Greatest Values!

SHOP AND MAIL EARLY
ZIP CODE ALL ADDRESSES

The Adult Peanut.
As dry as a good martini.

When Author H. Allen Smith claimed he knew more about chili than anyone else, some simmering Texans challenged him to a cookoff that wound up in controversy and settled nothing, including stomachs

BY GARY CARTWRIGHT

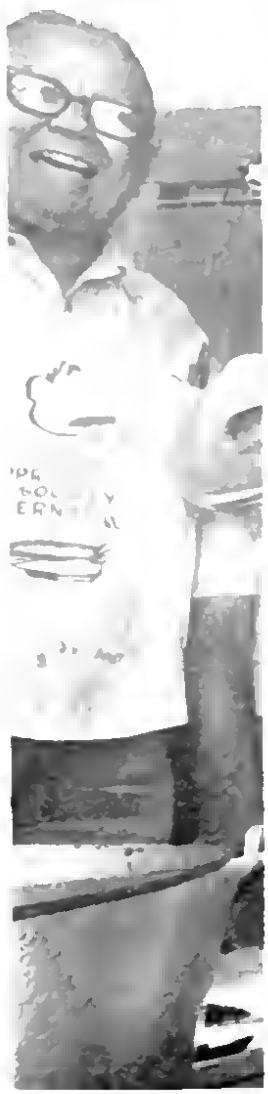
Justice was never an issue. Texas chili had been defiled. Yet the world championship chili con carne cookoff ended in no contest October 21 when the Dallas-based CASI (Chili Appreciation Society International) got cold feet.

It started as a routine Saturday afternoon lynching. Author-Humorist H. Allen Smith had waived caution and had submitted himself to CASI's plot to call attention to itself, hence to the chili recipe it is sworn to protect. Smith's attraction was that he lixed his name to an August story in *Holiday* magazine titled *Nobody Knows More About Chili Than I Do*. From a hook that large, CASI could hang a Brahma bull. When Smith allowed himself to be coerced from his home in Mount Kisco, N.Y., to the ghost town of Terlingua, Texas, in the remote Big Bend country, there to cook burner to burner against CASI's chief chili chef, Wick Fowler, he had played into the hands of his enemy.

Texans for historical reasons believe that any chili that isn't theirs is trickery. A man who orders chili with *beans* would probably put catsup in his coffee. Beans are another matter entirely. So are fresh tomato, sweet bell pepper and other ingredients of Smith's school of chili. CASI is a self-appointed police force against such practices. In 1962 CASI Founder and Chief Chili Head George Haddaway attacked the chef of the Dobbs House kitchen at Houston International Airport because some infidel included Boston baked beans in his order of chili. The police came and, according to CASI records, berated the cook.

For the chili challenge, CASI selected the perfect battleground. Terlingua (pop. 9), in sprawling, barren Brewster County, which has a land mass equal to the combined areas of Rhode Island and Connecticut, but a population of fewer than 7,000. Only foolish pride or an incurable dope habit would force a man into this country to take a chance he knew he didn't have. CASI did not care which it was with H. Allen Smith.

Founded in 1951, CASI is an indefinite number of middle-aged, middle-class chili lovers. They are publishers, newspaper editors, prosperous attorneys *continued*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEL HERSHORN

Official taster Floyd Schneider, one of three judges, samples some chili while opponents Wick Fowler (far left) and H. Allen Smith (arms folded) await the crucial decision.

THE GREAT CHILI CHAMPIONSHIP FIX

columnists, local television personalities and ranking public-relations men. They have granted chapters to Los Angeles, Mexico City (Chino Ortiz, former Mexican ambassador to Chile, is a card-carrying CASI member), Tokyo, Saigon, Danang, Kansas City and to the National Press Club in Washington. But the nerve center of the organization is Dallas. Members of CASI prefer their chili thick, and they demand that it be hot. They are proud to burn in the name of chili con carne.

In the week preceding the contest, the chili war attracted front-page notice in papers ranging from *The Austin-American Statesman* to *The Wall Street Journal*, which billed the cookoff as the "Chili Bowl." Prodded on by *The Dallas Morning News* columnist Frank X. Tolbert, the cookoff took on the aspects of a bitter political campaign.

Wick Fowler is a 255-pound sometime newspaper reporter who packages and sells his own chili mix and travels extensively (he recently returned from Vietnam) in the name of CASI. His recipe is the outgrowth of a bunch of fun-loving pals dumping personal theories in the cook pot aboard his houseboat; but he believes it to be so surefire that he brought along a package of his two-alarm mix to use in the preparation of his entry. His Caliente Chili, Inc. of Austin will package and sell 200,000 batches this year, together with two pounds of lean, coarse-ground meat, one eight-ounce can of tomato sauce and some water, each package makes 1½ quarts of chili (the alarm number is optional) and costs $1 by mail.

Fowler admitted that he had never tasted Smith's chili, but added, "I saw a punch bowl of it recently. It makes a very clever centerpiece."

Smith heard this and called Fowler "hen-headed." He observed further that a "fowler is a despoiler of little birds. A wick is a hunk of rag stuck in a container of oil. It burns with a flickering, smelly flame. This Wick Fowler, I believe, will burn with the searing flame of ignominy at Terlingua next Saturday at high noon."

Columnist Tolbert—once threatened with expulsion by CASI for championing a greaseless chili favored by LBJ's doctors, but more recently, on publication of his book, *A Bowl of Red*, elevated to the position of a poet laureate of the society—jumped on the story.

What incensed Tolbert and his cronies was not the title of Smith's magazine article, which could be dismissed as eastern stupidity, but Smith's references attacking the revered chili pepper on which the Texas recipe hinges ("It killeth dogs") and the Texans' habit of thickening their boil with masa flour ("You might as well throw in some maraschino cherries").

What is more, Smith's recipe called for vegetables and, God help him, canned pinto beans. Tolbert wrote that Smith's recipe put him in mind of "a chili-powder-flavored low-torque beef gruel."

Smith got into personalities, firing off a letter describing his antagonists as a bunch of "childish, semirumped, Rotarian-type cracker breakers . . ."

"I have read most of Smith's books . . . in fact, all the dirty ones," retorted Fowler. "He is a very funny man. The funniest thing he ever wrote was that chili recipe."

To insure that the judgment would be a fair-and-square victory for Fowler and Texas, CASI asked each contestant to select one judge. The society appointed the balancing judge. He was Dallas Attorney David Witts, who is half owner (with Auto Racing Impresario Carroll Shelby) of the 200,000-acre Terlingua Ranch on which the ghost town is situated. Witts also happens to be one of three "kitchen helpers" in CASI's hierarchy. Fowler's advocate was Floyd Schneider, vice-president of a San Antonio brewery. H. Allen Smith puzzled the enemy camp by naming a Texan, Mrs. Hallie Stillwell of Alpine, as his judge. Mrs. Stillwell is Peace Justice of Precinct 1, Brewster County. Her court is in Hell's Half-Acre, Texas, an hour's ride from Stillwell's Crossing. It was much later that CASI learned she is H. Allen Smith's cousin, but that was a paltry concession, under the circumstances.

It was apparent that if Fowler didn't wear down his opponent, the land would. The Big Bend is a lonely, hostile, strangely beautiful land. At times it is like the wildest parts of Arizona, at times the wind wails across the moonscape, and a ghost light winks down from the Chisos (Spanish for ghost) Mountains. It changes personalities constantly. The mountains go from purple gray in the deep shadows of morning to a soft sand in the glare of the day, and they are arranged in a hundred shapes and sizes. In some parts the ranges are long and spiny in the silhouettes of sleeping dinosaurs. Others break off sharply, one resembles a reclining profile of George Washington. Still others are blobs, swirled at the peaks like fresh soft candy, or pinched at the sides to suggest Smokey Bear hats. Landmarks have such fetching names as Hen Egg Mountain (elevation, 5,002 feet), Squaw's Tit Peak and Dirty Women Creek.

"This land is unlike anything I know," says David Witts. "It's scraggy, violent, colorful, friendly, brutal, a paradox at every turn. You wouldn't think you could raise cattle out here, but we had 4,000 head last spring. There are places in Texas where cattle literally die from overeating. Out here there is not much to chew on, but what there is has a very high mineral content."

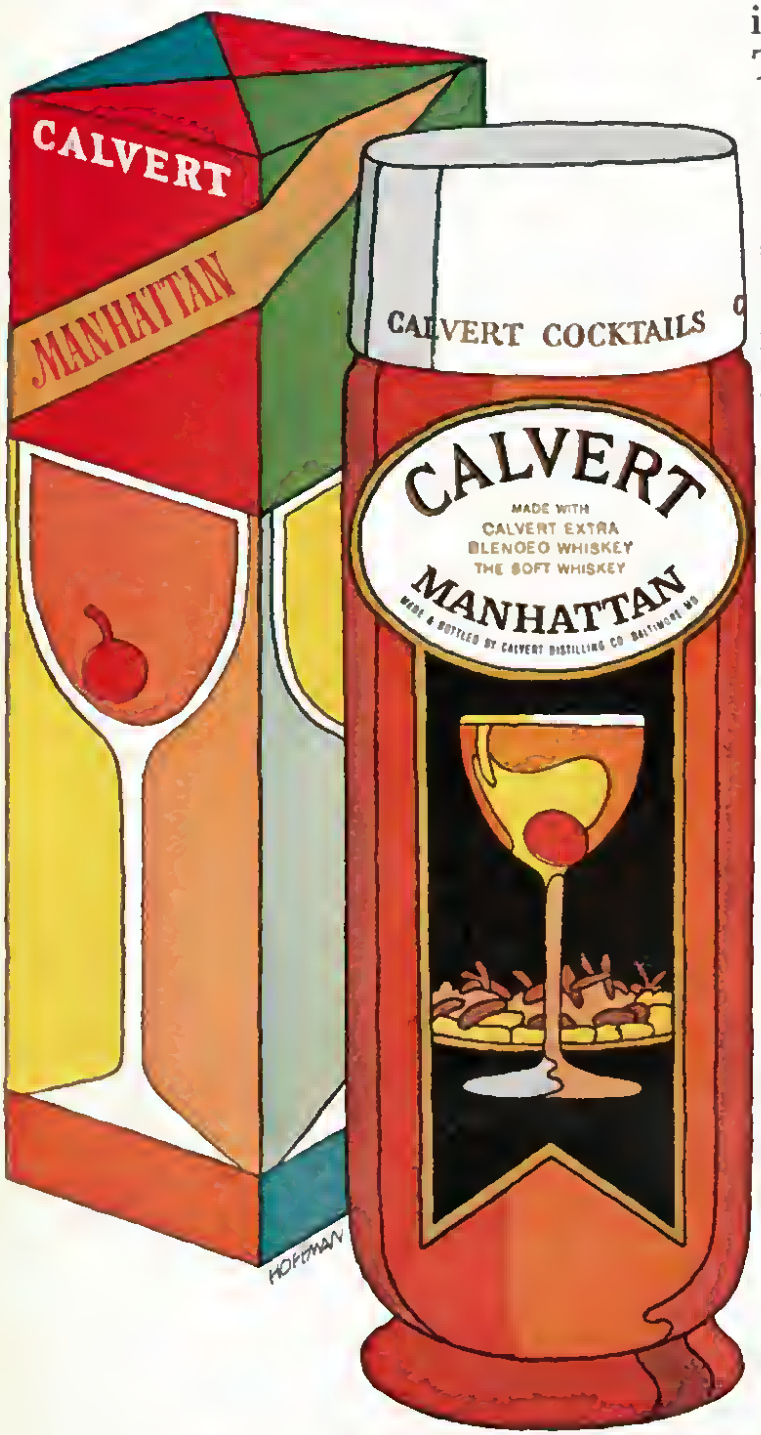
When Witts bought the land he didn't know he was getting a ghost town in the bargain. Inspired by Dallas Public-relations Man Tom Tierney, a city government was elected. For the first time in three decades Terlingua had a mayor, David Witts. Tolbert was elected water commissioner. In time most members of CASI found titles for themselves. Shelby is chairman of the Terlingua Racing Authority. His Cobras race all over the world under the banner of the Terlingua Racing Team. Europeans, says Shelby, are instantly impressed with the fact that the Terlingua Racing Team insists it was founded in 1860, some years before the invention of the combustion engine. The team emblem is three feathers and a jackrabbit holding his hand against the sun (allegedly saying "Hold the peppers"), and among other racing titles currently on display

continued

The $52 week in Hawaii.

It's 7 days and 6 nights long. With a Waikiki hotel. Sightseeing. Limousines to and from Honolulu airport. We call it Pan Am Holiday 560. And $52 (per person, based on double-room occupancy) covers it. The only other thing to think about is airfare: as little as $200 round trip from California, $327 from Chicago, $400 from New York. But don't think of money now. You can pay later. Don't even think of details. Leave them for your Pan Am® Travel Agent. Just think Hawaii.

The Nice Guy Cocktails



We've put
Goof-proof cocktails
in party packages.
Take them to a party.

We make 8 different delicious cocktails —all Goof-proof. We use the best ingredients, including our own fine liquors, and we take our time. But it only takes 2 shakes (over ice) for a host to make enough fresh-tasting and perfect Goof-proof cocktails for a whole mob. All of which is your chance to make your reputation as a nice guy. Just give the host any of the 8 cocktails. (Or all of them if you want to be known as a real pussycat.) Gift packages come free. We didn't think you should have to pay extra to be extra nice.

Even a lady
who brings
Goof-proof
cocktails
is a nice guy.

The host might actually
get a chance to enjoy
the party if you bring
Goof-proof cocktails.

Manhattan—60 Proof. Also available. 11-1 Vodka Martini—75 Proof; Extra Dry Martini —70 Proof; Whiskey Sour, Gin Sour, Daiquiri—60 Proof; Margarita, Tequila Sour—55 Proof. Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

in the Terlingua archives is the 1967 Trans-American Sedan Series championship.

Like the vast country where it hides, Terlingua is a town of contrasts, the most obvious being that it lives a lot for a ghost.

Until the mines watered out, Terlingua was the largest producer of quicksilver in the U.S. There was a time when maybe 5,000 boomtowners lived here. Now the population is given as nine, although Terlingua Post Master Daisy F. Adams (the post office is three miles from town) estimates the figure at closer to 20. "The number don't vary a bunch," cackles Daisy, showing off the single tooth remaining in her mouth, "'cause every time a baby is born around here, a man leaves town."

The Terlingua Inn, the one-room jail, the church and the old Perry Mansion still stand more or less as they were at the turn of the century, when Chicago promoter Howard E. Perry had the spot jumping. The opera house next to the inn is four walls and sky. Several dozen crumbling adobe and bleached mud structures protrude in ruins from the scrubby hills, and one corner of town spills off into an 850-foot open mine shaft, where the town met its final irony: early miners abandoned Terlingua because of its heat (up to 120°) and its drought, their successors quit because the richest vein of all was submerged in an underground lake 850 feet below the earth's surface.

The town is laced across a jagged mesa sunk between the Chisos (pronounced to rhyme with Jesus) Mountains to the southeast in Big Bend National Park, and the Christmas Mountains to the north, where some prospectors "got lost and didn't get out till Christmas." In early times three Indian tribes—the Apaches, the Comanches and the Kiowa would gather here, form raiding parties and sweep west across the Rio Grande into Mexico. The Indians called the place Tres Lenguas (three tongues)

continued

On any tour of Terlingua, where the chili contest was held, visitors are urged to see the recently completed Museum of Modern Art, the jail and the town library.

Is your pipe tobacco a quitter?

Try Bond Street the great-tasting pipe tobacco that stays lit. This pipe tobacco burns cheerfully, faithfully, and flavorfully, right down to the bottom of the bowl. The secret is Bond Street's Old English cut—a combination of flakes for even burning and cubes for slower burning. The taste is almost matchless too!

produced by Philip Morris Inc.

A footnote to your holiday shopping:

Sending Christmas gifts of SI is as simple as filling out and mailing the gift order form bound into this magazine. And you'll like the price tag too: $6 each for two or more year-long gifts: $8 if you order one

Now Possible To Shrink Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop Itching, Relieve Pain In Most Cases

Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases, to relieve pain, itching and shrink hemorrhoids. In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction took place. The secret is *Preparation H.*® It also soothes irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Suppositories.

and the cowboys corrupted that into Terlingua.

An old Indian named Marcos Hinojosa sometimes appears and sells warm beer to tourists who find their way to Terlingua. Hinojosa says that everything in the Big Bend "sticks, stings or stinks," but nothing really stinks now that the mines are closed. Dry lava beds curl through the dusty green sagebrush, through the century plants and Spanish daggers. There are no trees. The tallest living thing is the ocotillo, a desert shrub whose thorny ash-white arms reach higher than the head of a man or a bear. Mountain lions, bobcats, jackrabbits, rattlesnakes and enormous centipedes and scorpions have the land to themselves. The nearest center of commerce is Study Butte (pronounced Stewty Butte locally), five miles to the east. There a single resident named Maggie—Maggie operates a gas station-general store-beer hall. She wears ankle-length Indian dresses and carries a loaded pistol in her long bloomers for when the boys come to town. Tooter and four other cowpunchers who work the Terlingua spread do their regular drinking at Maggie's because the next closest center of civilization is Alpine, 79 miles north and across the Del Norte Mountain Range.

Nearly a full week before burnoff time, H. Allen Smith mysteriously appeared in Alpine and checked into the Ponderosa Inn. There on Thursday night he met Fowler for the first time.

To get to the scene of the contest, which was miles from anywhere, spectators flew private and chartered planes into the Terlingua International Airport.

"Mr. Smith let Mr. Fowler do all the drinking and most of the talking," reported Cocktail Waitress Jean Page. "Then Mr. Smith picked up the check."

Friday at noon Fowler's backers threw a cocktail party at the Holiday Inn near Dallas' Love Field, then herded their chili heads and a band of newsmen and cameramen into three chartered planes for the flight to Terlingua. Two hours and 30 minutes later, while a four-piece country and western band brought in from Fort Stockton played in the swirling dust, the planes touched down on the graded runway they call Terlingua International Airport. By Saturday

continued

When they want to talk to you from the other side:

Zip! Your window goes down, you get the word and you never leave your seat.

Order GM power windows on your new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, or Cadillac.

Ternstedt Division of General Motors

Also available in Limited Edition 101 proof

It tastes expensive

...and is.

Maker's Mark

Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

90 Proof • Star Hill Distilling Co • Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky

The ski that couldn't be

This is the ski that rises to every skier's challenge—the expert's and intermediate's all-around performer.

To the expert, Camaro is beautifully responsive. Its flex pattern permits the most precise turning. Its fiberglas interlayers make it a fantastic slope-hugger.

To the rest of us Camaro is a particularly civilized ski, easy to turn in all snow, on all terrain.

Camaros carry skiing's most reassuring guarantee—edges and laminations Guaranteed for Life and breakage replacement Guaranteed for 2 Years. $134.50.

hart camaro

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

there were 20 private planes parked in the brush. Shelby had flown in with his own contingent from Los Angeles. It included a bogus monk introduced as Father Duffy, and a young man wearing the cap of a Los Angeles policeman.

Father Duffy arrived fortified with two women friends. This appalled the Dallas delegation, which had piously insisted the junket be stag. CASI delegates feared their wives would find out. They did, anyhow. A group identified as the Terlingua Women's Auxiliary chartered a small plane, which buzzed the Terlingua Inn at the close of festivities, spraying the ghost town with 16,000 yellow cards. Engraved on the cards were such messages as "Congratulations, you get the children" and "We'll arrange the alimony to fit your budget." One wife also told *The Dallas Morning News* she put crumbled crackers in her husband's sleeping bag.

CASI members pride themselves on enduring traditional frontier hardships: hot chili isn't the only pain they bear. Sleeping bags and toothbrushes were the only luggage permitted aboard. Several members carried pocket knives, and one Dallas attorney wore his duck-hunting suit. An enormous supply of beer was flown ahead. Witts and Shelby furnished other liquid refreshment at ranch headquarters, and Walter Jetton, Lyndon Johnson's personal barbecuer, was hauled along to do the cooking.

The delegates clambered into two bar-equipped red school buses which would ferry them first to the ghost town, then to the ranch where they would make camp. The trip from Terlingua to the ranch is 35 miles and takes about an hour. One bus barely missed a mountain lion. The other bus encountered no lions, but CASI members counted one horse, two cows, a Pearl beer can and any number of rabbits, hawks and eagles. A Dallas photographer smuggled along a length of rope because he knew that rattlesnakes will not attack a sleeping man who is surrounded by rope, then abandoned the idea when it was called to his attention that scorpions love rope.

Nights in the Big Bend are cold and

continued

Toronado. The all-car car for the all-man man.

The line of demorcation is drawn. Men on one side. Boys on the ather. Cors foll into ploce. No question which side Toronado takes. Not with that browny, brood-shouldered laak. And thot responsive performonce fram a 455-cubic-inch Rocket V-8, biggest ever built. And thot mosterful ride and handling, thonks to the superior traction af front-wheel drive ond torsion-bor suspension. Like we soy, Toronado isn't for everybody. And Toranodo owners wauldn't have it ony ather way.

Toronado.
Test drive the front-wheel-drive "youngmobile" from Oldsmobile.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Our red velvet isn't the reason to give our Bourbon.

Our Bourbon is the reason to give our Bourbon.

Though it may be old-fashioned, we still hand-make our Bourbon.

Just the same way we did 118 years ago when our family owned distillery was founded.

Back then, our Bourbon was considered a pretty special gift.

To give. Or to receive. And, we think you'll agree, it still is.

Especially our mellow 86.8 proof Prime Straight in its festive red velvet.

Old Fitzgerald...
the most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky.

STITZEL WELLER · AMERICA'S OLDEST FAMILY DISTILLERY · ESTABLISHED LOUISVILLE, KY., 1849 86.8 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

damp, and the ground is hard. Animals move in the night. By Saturday morning it was assumed at CASI Camp that H. Allen Smith was dead, but the room clerk at the Ponderosa Inn assured the sore, red-eyed chili heads that that wasn't the case.

Tooter the Cowboy was there, representing the rank and file of Terlingua society. Tooter is a wiry, hell-raising drifter who looks something like an insensitive Montgomery Clift. When he is sober he trains horses for Ranch Manager Harold Wynne. Tooter wasn't sober this particular weekend. He was what Wynne called "mean drunk." Tooter drank and played poker until the last chili head fell out, and he was waiting on horseback, a beer bottle in one hand, when CASI delegates staggered to the outdoor breakfast tables of Walter Jetton. While chili heads spooned their eggs and asked each other what could be worse than a hangover, Tooter showed them what, galloping his cutting horse between the crowded tables and over the sleeping bags where some of the frontiersmen were still crumpled.

The following night Tooter took more money from the Dallas folks and terrorized Father Duffy and his friends. Ranch Manager Wynne explained that Tooter sometimes has trouble sleeping. This time the trouble was two Mexicans, brothers of a boy he had pistol-whipped in Study Butte, who were hoping to shoot him.

By high noon Saturday an estimated 500 chili fanciers had materialized out of the desert and pushed up to the front porch of the Terlingua Inn. They were overwhelmingly pro Fowler. They had come to drink free beer, sample chili and inspect firsthand "the elderly challenger H. Allen 'Soupy' Smith of New York," as Tolbert called him—though, in fact, it was CASI that had issued the challenge.

Smith appeared fit and rested. He wore a fresh open-neck sports shirt and had a sidearm strapped low on his hip. Fowler had slept in a garage under the ranch house and had been sick all night with a virus. While he made jokes about Smith's ancestry, particularly about the

continued

First date... Last date!

Or: One Plus 4 sock won't do!

Wilbur didn't know that only one sock was a Hanes Plus 4 BAN-LON knit of Caprolan® nylon. In the dresser drawer, other socks may look like Plus 4s. Some even promise to stay up. But the real Plus 4s are guaranteed to stay up. Crew-length, mid-length or over-the-calf, they'll keep you neatly ankle happy all day and all evening. Or we'll refund your money.

$1–1.50

BAN-LON... CAPROLAN

HANES Plus 4

Hanes-Mills Sales Co...

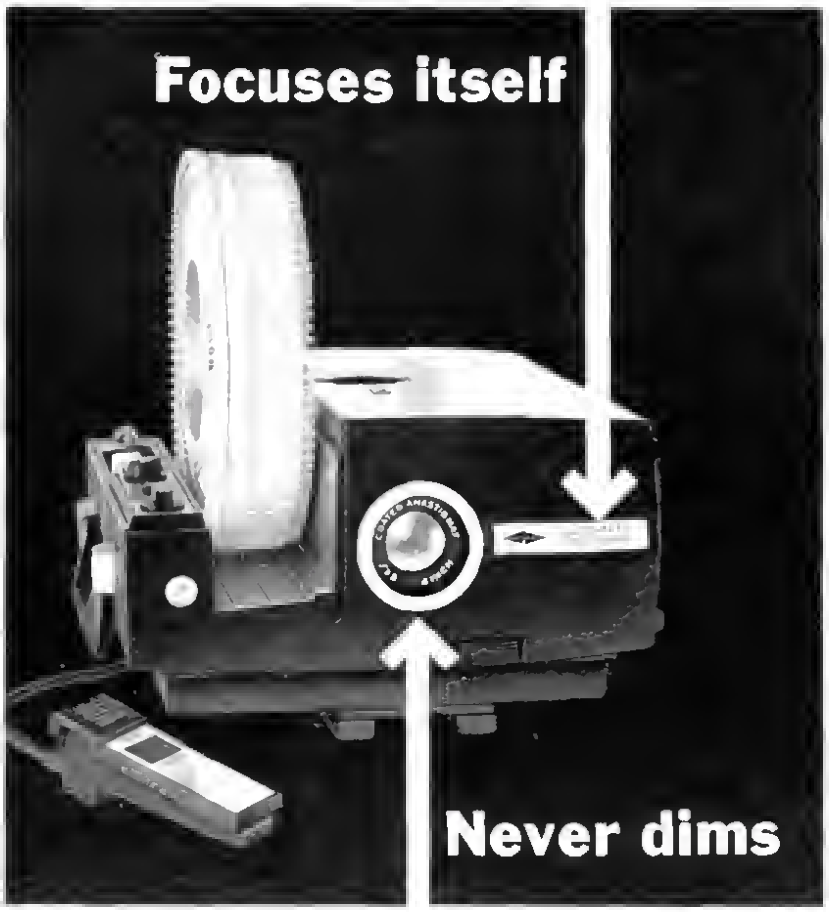
Chap Stick Company, Lynchburg, Va., a subsidiary of A. H. ROBINS COMPANY © 1967

Use Chap Stick before you need it. The U.S. Olympic Teams do.

'Chap Stick' lip balm—selected for use by the 1968 U.S. Olympic Teams. You can help the Teams, too. Send $1.00 to Olympic House, Dept. CS, 57 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016 and you'll receive this Olympic pin.

Chap Stick LIP BALM

'Chap Stick' protects lips against chapping, helps heal them fast.



It's Sawyer's Rotomatic® 707AQ slide projector ■ Slide after slide is automatically brought into sharp, clear focus and uniformly maintained by Sawyer's new solid state system ■ Exclusive quartz iodine lamp gives 500 watt brilliance, never dims, lasts twice as long ■ Shows 100 slides without interruption, using circular trays ■ Takes regular trays, too ■ Shows up to 40 slides automatically without a tray, using accessory stack loader ■ Preview editor lets you show slides singly or reposition slides ■ Auto timer for fully automatic slide changing ■ Pushbutton remote control advance and reverse ■ Retractable power cord ■ Room lamp outlet automatically turns room light on and off ■ Sawyer's Rotomatic 707AQ is just one of nine great Sawyer's projectors, starting at less than $60, at leading photo dealers and departments now.

gaf **SAWYER'S INC.**

PORTLAND OREGON 97207
A SUBSIDIARY OF GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORPORATION

fact that Smith learned about chili in Decatur, Ill., his heart wasn't in it. Fowler, who at 58 is a year younger than his opponent, started appreciating chili during the Depression, when a bowl of red cost 5¢ in south Texas.

"It was cheap and greasy, and it saved my life," he says doggedly.

Precook ceremonies opened at 11:35 a.m. with a blessing originated years ago by a Negro cowpuncher and chuck-wagon cook named Bones Hooks.

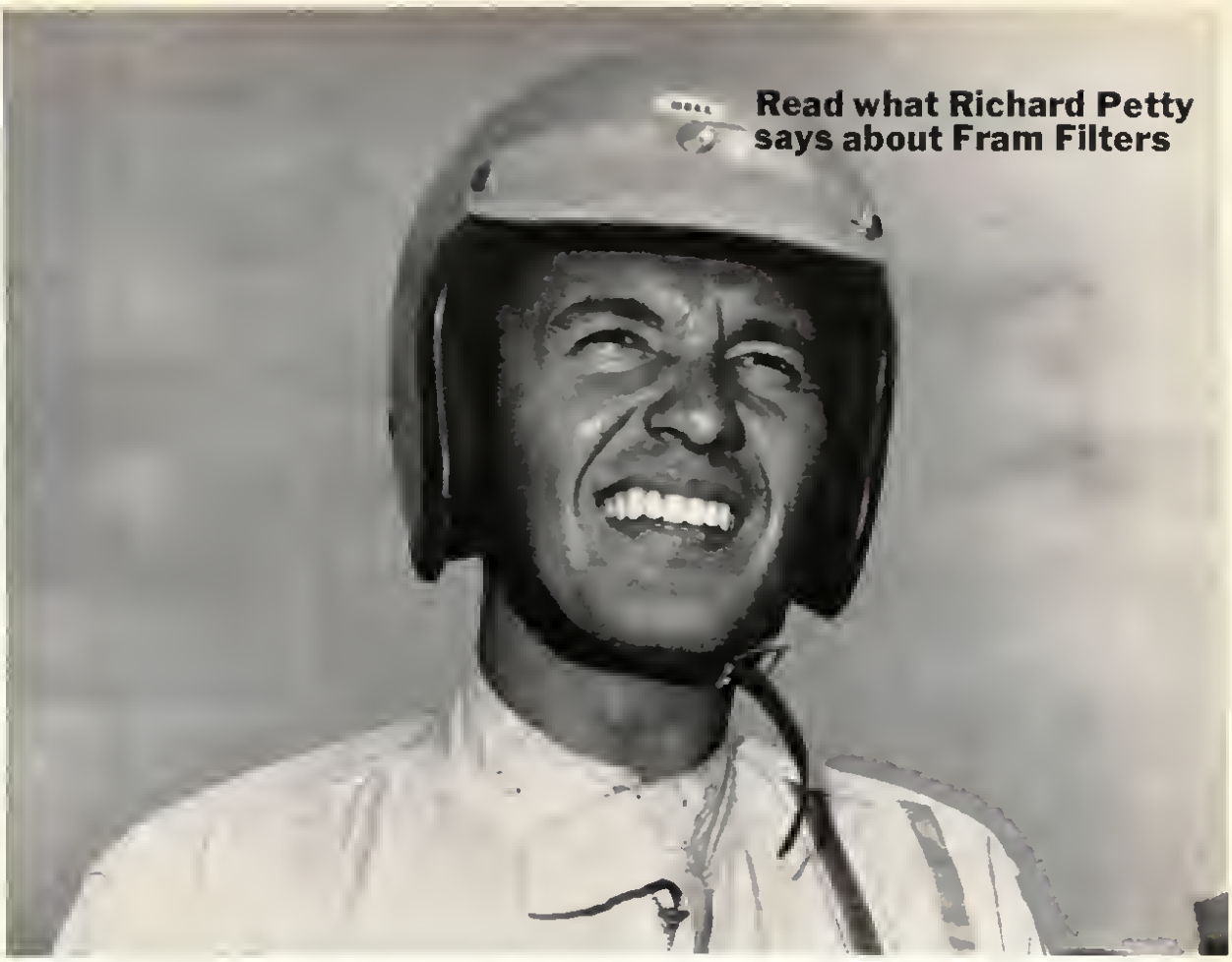
It begins like this:

"Lord, God, You know us old cowhands is forgetful. Sometimes I can't even recollect what happened yestiddy. We is forgetful. We just know daylight and dark, summer, fall, winter and spring. But I sure hope we don't never forget to thank You before we is about to eat a mess of good chili. We don't know why, in Your wisdom, You been so doggone good to us. The Chinee don't have no chili, ever. The Frenchmens is left out. The Rooshians don't know no more about chili than a hog does about a sidesaddle. Even the Meskins don't get a good whiff of it unless they stay around here. Chili eaters is some of Your chosen people. . . ."

When their praying was done and Master of Ceremonies Bill Rives had led the 500 in the singing of *Hello, Terlingua*, a song of his own composition, Rives tossed off a couple of one-liners accusing Smith of violating several city ordinances and read a letter from the governor making Smith an honorary citizen of Texas—an honor that Smith declined.

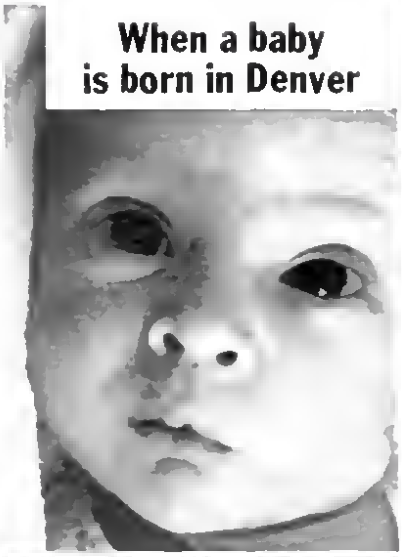
At noon they got with it. For two hours two pots boiled, two reputations simmered. The contestants watched their pots and posed for pictures, offering ladles of chili to Father Duffy or holding their noses at the misfortune of being so close to their opponent's entry. The hot Texas air was thick with spice. At one point Smith seemed dispirited. "What chance do I have?" he asked. "Last week Tolbert claimed in his column that a Texas Baptist preacher invented the airplane. Before this is over he'll be saying that Wick Fowler invent-

continued



"Winning the NASCAR Grand National Championship meant driving over 10,000 miles... most of it at speeds over 180 miles per hour. That beats an engine worse than 100,000 miles of open highway driving. Fram oil, air and gasoline filters protected my Plymouth every inch of the way. Although they didn't make car 43 go any faster, Fram Filters sure helped me to finish."

Richard Petty knows that Fram Filters give the best protection against engine wear that money can buy. That's because Fram Filters scientifically remove wear causing dirt. Keep precision engine parts frictionless clean. Next time you bring your car in for service, follow Richard Petty's advice. Insist on Fram—the filters that prevent engine wear. They won't make your car go any faster, but they will help you to get where you're going. Fram Performance-Proven Filters They work on the track. They work on the road. Fram Corporation, Providence, R. I. 02916.



When a baby is born in Denver

...and the waiting room's in Da Nang

Who breaks the news to Father? We do—and we'll track him to his jungle bivouac to do it. Bringing home just a little closer is a Red Cross specialty. Just one of the many services your Red Cross performs that helps to brighten the lives of our fighting men in Vietnam. We need your support. The American Red Cross.

help us help

ed caviar in Swampnose Park on the Pecos River. There is no end to what these people will do."

He was wrong, happily, for judgment was swiftly approaching. The Fort Stockton plowboys laid down their instruments. Two amateur chili makers from Abilene who had been distributing free bowls of red under a tent in the shade of an adobe ruin stood at attention. Daisy F. Adams said this was the most dramatic thing she had witnessed since they no-hilled Whet Thompson for gunning down a wetback at his front gate. In grand silence the three judges stood blindfolded on the porch. And while Matchmaker Tom Tierney did a vote-by-vote over the public address, they tasted.

Mrs. Stillwell voted for No. 2, giving Smith the lead. Floyd Schneider made it one-all, lining himself with Fowler.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. Tie-breaker Witts allowed someone to guide a spoon of chili to his mouth, and promptly spit it all over the referee's foot. Then he went into convulsions. He rammed a white handkerchief down his throat as though he were cleaning a rifle barrel, and in an agonizing whisper Witts pronounced himself unable to go on.

"I have to see a doctor," Witts explained. "I declare a one-year moratorium in the world championship chili con carne cookoff."

The world will never know which bowl of chili maimed Witts. Texans take the chauvinistic view, assuming it was Smith's batch with the Kimbell-brand pinto beans and a tart sweetness like Walter Jetton's barbecue sauce with a sprinkle of chili powder added. Smith says flatly that Witts was stricken "by that vile scalding mud Texans call chili."

The world may not even care.

What CASI has in mind is a rematch one year to the day in Mount Kisco, N.Y., but then Smith won't be in Mount Kisco, N.Y., one year from now. He will be in Alpine. He was enchanted by the country where his lynching was to take place, so he bought a piece of land not far from Sul Ross State College. Soupy Smith is building a home in the Big Bend. END

Climax to the great chili championship caper when third taster David Witts (left), with the score tied at one-all, gagged on a mouthful and rendered no decision

Open season for gift hunters.

***Swagger Gentry* Cabinetta**
contains 50 Gold Label Swaggers and doubles as a handsome jewelry case. $5.50

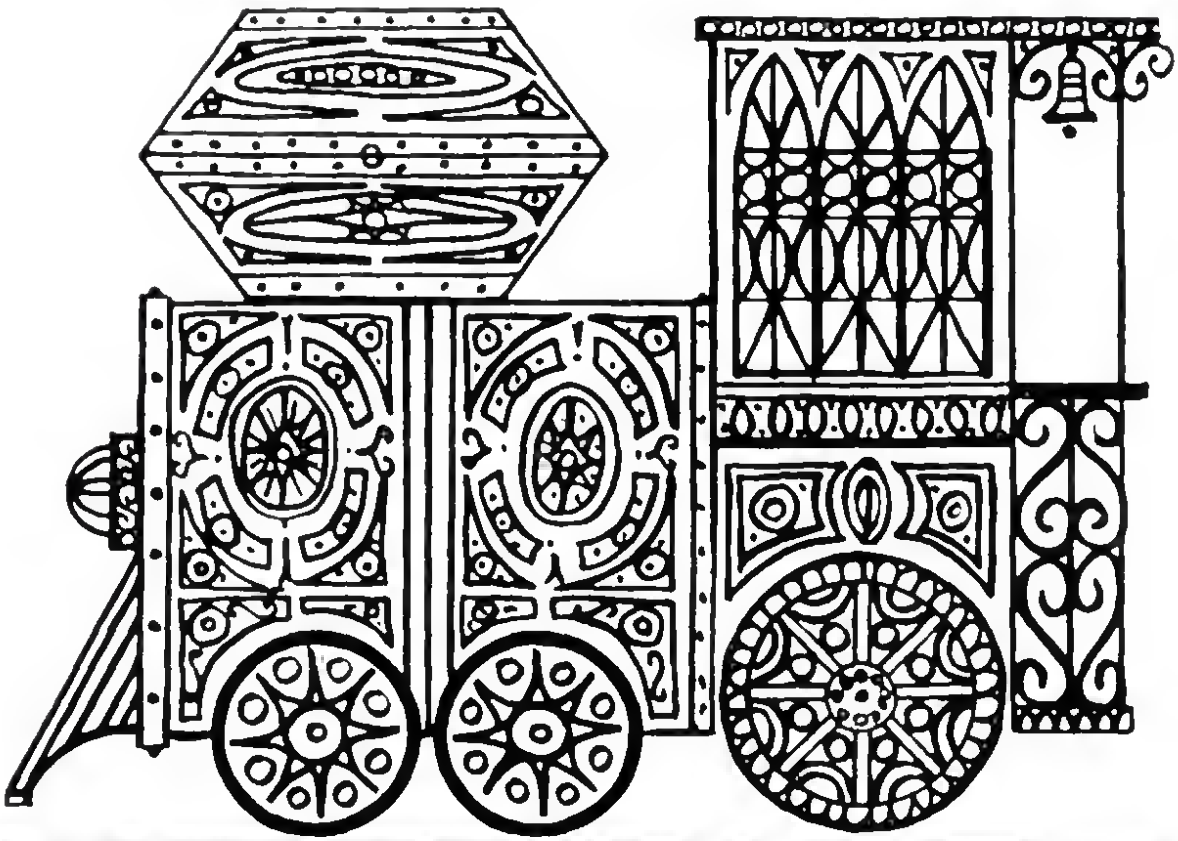
Give him "The Beautiful Smoke" by Gold Label

Call of the Wild...captured in an elegant holiday presentation of Gold Label luxury cigars. Eight classic shapes. $4 to $16.

IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND BREATH

USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS...
EMPHYSEMA...AIR POLLUTION...



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA BOSTON (16-6) barely held its lead in the Eastern Division after splitting two games with the Pistons and beating the Lakers 123-119, while PHILADELPHIA (17-7) only 19 percentage points behind, won three and lost one. In a 133-109 romp over Seattle, Wilt Chamberlain scored 52 points and grabbed 37 rebounds. He also missed 22 foul shots an NBA record. DETROIT (13-10) was 2-1 for the week, while BALTIMORE (9-12) with one win in three games, moved within 11 percentage points of fourth-place NEW YORK (11-14), which won only nine of four. CINCINNATI (9-13) sank into the cellar with three straight losses. ST. LOUIS (19-7) dropped three of four, and its Western Division lead dwindled to half a game over SAN FRANCISCO (19-8) which boosted its winning streak to eight with three more victories, including a 124-101 rout of the Hawks. LOS ANGELES (13-11) won three of five, with two of the victories over the slumping Hawks. SEATTLE (7-18) and CHICAGO (7-18) tied for fourth place as the Stings split two, while the Bulls won two of three. Last-place SAN DIEGO (5-22) suffered its eighth consecutive loss before beating the Warriors 127-103.

ABA MINNESOTA (14-5) nudged INDIANA (15-6) out of first place in the Eastern Division and took over the lead itself by beating the Pacers 121-99 before a crowd of 10,479. It was the Muskies' ninth straight victory at home and their 13th in 15 games. Minnesota was off the rest of the week, but Indiana beat Anaheim 132-117 to creep within 2½ percentage points of the Muskies. Third-place PITTSBURGH (11-12) five games back, dropped three in a row, and NEW JERSEY (10-11) also lost three games before beating Anaheim 106-101 and Dallas 113-100. KENTUCKY (7-13), in the cellar, snapped a three-game losing streak with lopsided wins over New Jersey and Dallas. NEW ORLEANS (15-5) boosted its Western Division lead to four games with three victories, while DENVER (12-10), also 3-0 for the week, moved into second place ahead of DALLAS (9-9), which lost two of three. In a 126-108 win over Oakland, Denver's Larry Jones scored 52 points, high for the ABA so far. OAKLAND (9-14) dropped three straight and, worse yet, lost Levern Tart, the ABA's high scorer, when a judge ruled that Tart must play for the Eastern League's Wilkes-Barre Pa. team or not at all. Shades of Rick Barry. HOUSTON (6-13) won two, lost one and ANAHEIM (7-17) dropped three of four.

BOWLING—National intercollegiate champion JACK CONNAUGHTON of Oconomowoc, Wis. won the International Masters Championship in Paris (*page 74*).

BOXING—Home-towner JIMMY ELLIS scored a 12-round unanimous decision over Argentina's Oscar Bonavena in a semifinal elimination bout for the WBA world heavyweight championship in Louisville (*page 34*).

FOOTBALL—AFL OAKLAND (10-1) moved 1½ games ahead of second-place San Diego (8-2-1) in the Western Division as the Raiders beat the Chargers 41-21 (*page 28*). In the East, HOUSTON (7-3-1) gained a share of the lead with New York (7-3-1) when the Oilers edged Miami (2-9) 17-14 and DENVER (3-10) upset the Jets 33-24. The Broncos, who intercepted five passes, ran up a shocking 26-0 half-time lead and held on as Joe Namath tossed three touchdown passes in the second half. KANSAS CITY (7-5), which beat Buffalo (3-9) 31-7 in the AFL championship game a year ago, defeated the Bills again, 23-13, in a meaningless game for both teams this season.

NFL Century Division leader CLEVELAND (8-4) shoved New York (6-6) into third place with a 24-14 victory over the Giants, while ST. LOUIS (6-5-1) regained second—1½ games behind the Browns—with a 31-20 win over New Orleans (2-10). Undefeated BALTIMORE (10-0-2), in first place in the Coastal Division, came from behind in the fourth quarter to beat Dallas (8-4) 23-17. The Cowboys, however, won the Capitol Division title when WASHINGTON (4-5-3) tied second-place PHILADELPHIA (5-6-1) 35-35 in a passing exhibition by Sonny Jurgensen and Norm Snead. Jurgensen completed 30 of 50 passes for 366 yards and four touchdowns for the Redskins, while Snead completed 21 of 34 for 288 yards and four TDs. LOS ANGELES (9-1-2) remained a game behind the Colts with 20-3 victory over Atlanta (1-10-1). Central Division champion GREEN BAY (9-2-1) edged Minnesota (3-7-2) 30-27 when Don Chandler booted a 19-yard field goal with eight seconds remaining in the game. CHICAGO (6-6) whipped San Francisco 28-14 on three Gale Sayers TDs. PITTSBURGH (3-8-1) defeated Detroit 17-7 to 24-14.

COLLEGE—In end of the season games NAVY upset Army 19-14 (*page 65*). TENNESSEE won its first SEC title in 11 years by crushing Vanderbilt 41-14 and Big Eight champion OKLAHOMA whipped Oklahoma State 38-14. With muddy fields keeping both scores down, MISSISSIPPI beat Mississippi State 10-3 and ALABAMA edged Auburn 7-3 when Kenny Stabler ran 47 yards for a TD in the last quarter. Terry Erwin's two touchdowns in the second half lifted BOSTON COLLEGE over Holy Cross 13-6 and Lester Lehman's four touchdowns gained RICE a 27-25 victory over Baylor. In another Southwest Conference game SMU defeated TCU 28-14 as Mike Livingston completed 26 passes for 323 yards and three TDs while Mike Stripling also tossed three touchdown passes in leading TULSA to a 35-23 win over Louisville. The first bowl games of the season saw WEST TEXAS STATE whack San Fernando Valley State 35-13 in the Junior Rose Bowl and GRAMBLING outlast Florida A&M 28-25 in the Orange Blossom Classic.

CANADIAN—The HAMILTON Tiger Cats won the Canadian Football League championship by beating the Saskatchewan Roughriders 24-1 in the inaugural Grey Cup game in Ottawa.

HOCKEY—NHL BOSTON (14-5-3), unbeaten in six games, took over first place by itself in the East as the Bruins won three games and tied another (*page 22*). TORONTO (13-7-3) fell two points behind in second place although the Maple Leafs edged the Canadiens 2-1, shut out Oakland 3-0 and tied the Red Wings 3-3. DETROIT (11-8-4) was 2-0-1 for the week, NEW YORK (11-8-3) a point behind in fourth place, won three and lost one, and CHICAGO (9-9-6) took two, tied one and lost one. Sputtering MONTREAL (8-11-5) fell into the cellar after dropping three games and tying one. In the West, PHILADELPHIA (11-7-4) grabbed first place from LOS ANGELES (11-9-3) by crushing the Kings 7-2. The Flyers then dropped two of their next three games, but held the lead by a point when the Kings also lost two of three. Third-place PITTSBURGH (9-11-3) won one, lost two. MINNESOTA (7-10-5) was 2-2-1 and OAKLAND (5-14-5) won one and lost two. Last-place ST. LOUIS (4-15-2) was shut out by the Rangers 1-0 before breaking its seven-game losing streak with a 3-2 victory over Los Angeles. The Blues then dropped their next two games.

SOCCER—ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY and MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY were declared co-winners of the NCAA championships in St. Louis after the finals were canceled because of foul weather.

TRACK & FIELD—GERRY LINDGREN of Washington State University gained his second consecutive NCAA cross-country championship in Laramie, Wyo. (*page 72*).

MILEPOSTS—NAMED—The 1967 Heisman Trophy winner, UCLA's quarterback GARY BEBAN, 21, who, in three seasons, gained 5,197 yards in total offense (fifth on the all-time list) and threw 23 touchdown passes in leading the Bruins to a 23-5-2 record and one Rose Bowl win.

TRADED—At the annual major league baseball meeting in Mexico City, Baltimore Shortstop LUIS APARICIO, Outfielder RUSS SNYDER and minor league Outfielder John Matias to the Chicago White Sox for Pitcher BRUCE HOWARD, Infielder DON BUFORD and minor league Pitcher Nigel Nelson; Oriole Pitcher EDDIE FISHER and two minor league players to Cleveland for Pitcher JOHN O'DONOGHUE and a minor leaguer; Los Angeles Catcher JOHN ROSEBORO and Relief Pitchers RON PERRANOSKI and BOB MILLER to Minnesota for Shortstop ZOILO VERSALLES and Pitcher JIM (Mudcat) GRANT; Dodger Outfielder LOU JOHNSON to the Chicago Cubs for Infielder PAUL POPOVICH and minor league Outfielder Jim Williams; California Outfielder JOSE CARDENAL to Cleveland for Outfielder CHUCK HINTON; Angels Pitchers BILL KUSO and JORGE RUBIO to Cincinnati for Pitcher SAMMY ELLIS; and Pittsburgh Pitcher DENNIS RIBANT to Detroit for Pitcher DAVE WICKERSHAM. The Dodgers also sold Shortstop GENE MICHAEL to the Yankees and the Cubs sold Pitcher RAY CULP to Boston.

CREDITS

4—John Hanlon Black Star. 23—Tony Triolo. 24, 25—Tony Triolo. Rich Clarkson. James Drake—bottom James Drake. 26—Tony Triolo. 28, 29—Sheedy & Long. 31—Rich Clarkson. 32—James Drake. 34, 36—Herb Scharfman. 40, 41—drawings by Francy Golden. 54—Courtesy of Sydney Herald. 55, 59—Color Photography. 62—AP Photo of Parade. 65, 66—Lee Schweikardt. 68—James Guillot. 72, 73—Sheedy & Long. 74—Gerry Clarham. 80-94—Shel Hershorn Black Star. 99—John Page.

FACES IN THE CROWD

HARRY PRINCE, soccer goalie for the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Long Island, set a school record with six shutouts in 11 games, while holding opponents to only four goals (two of them penalty shots) and leading the Patriots to an 8-1-2 season.

RON (PO) JAMES, a 6', 195-pound senior halfback for the New Brighton (Pa.) High School Lions with a total offense of 2,238 yards, led his team to its first unbeaten season when he scored 200 points in 10 games on 29 touchdowns and 26 extra points.

NANCY SOWELL, a sophomore at Murray State University, outshot 100 male and female sharpshooters at the Kentucky State Rifle Championship in Lexington, Ky. and beat George Bartlett of Owensboro, Ky. by one point with a total 1,132 out of 1,200.

JONATHAN TANI, 20, a University of Hawaii black belt, accumulated 66 points to win individual honors over teammate Edward Fujiwara (63½) at the National Collegiate Invitational Karate Championships in Berkeley, Calif. Hawaii also took the team title.

FRANK LAGOTIC, a senior distance runner at the University of Florida, boosted his string of victories to 14 by winning the SEC Cross-country Championships in Birmingham with a four-mile course record of 18:47.8, breaking the mark set two years ago.

JERRY HANSEN, a Minneapolis stockbroker, drove his Lola-Chevy to the national sports car racing class C title at the American Road Race of Champions in Daytona. In qualifying Hansen turned in the fastest time ever recorded at the speedway (194.80 mph).

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

Virginia Tech, regarded as one of the nation's top independents, put its reputation on the line early. And, for a while, it looked as if Tech would make this calculated risk pay off. With Glen Combs shooting mostly off a post screen from 20 feet outside (he scored 32 points), Tech had DUKE in a 64–64 tie with three minutes to go in Greensboro. But Steve Vandenberg, who had come off the bench in the first half to rouse the Blue Devils, hit four straight free throws and a layup, and Duke went on to win 74–66. The next night, at Chapel Hill, Virginia Tech led NORTH CAROLINA 48–37 early in the second half as Combs again scored well. Then the Tar Heels exploded. While Carolina's pressure defense forced Tech into errors, sophomore Charlie Scott led his team on a 13-point tear. Minutes later Joe Brown sparked a 17–4 surge, and Carolina won 89–76. "We had to be more aggressive in the second half," said Coach Dean Smith. "We were in real trouble."

NORTH CAROLINA STATE began its Atlantic Coast season with a 79–63 victory over Wake Forest as flashy Eddie Biedenbach—they call him "The Pickpocket" because of his fast hands—stole the Deacons blind and scored 14 points. SOUTH CAROLINA had it easy against Erskine, winning 104–54.

When John Dromo took over at LOUISVILLE, he announced that Westley Unseld, his 6'8" All-America, would shoot more and score more. Unseld did that against Georgetown (Ky.), piling up 45 points (and 29 rebounds) as the Cards won 118–86. But Western Kentucky came up short in the OVC Tournament, MURRAY STATE eliminated Western 83–75 and TENNESSEE TECH took Murray 67–60 in the final.

TENNESSEE, playing the kind of defense Coach Ray Mears likes—unyielding—tumbled Richmond 93–45. FLORIDA, an SEC dark horse, rolled over Jacksonville 109–73 as 6'10" Neal Walk scored 37 points and pulled down 25 rebounds. GEORGIA's Ken Rosemond is ready to challenge anyone now, all because of 6'11" sophomore Bob Lienhard, a New York import. Lienhard scored 44 points and grabbed 26 rebounds as the Bulldogs smothered Arkansas A&M 138–91. LSU's Press Maravich was ready for better things, too, after his son, Pete, scored 48 points in a 97–81 thumping of Tampa.

DAVIDSON Coach Lefty Driesell added a ballet course to his preseason training this year, getting his inspiration from watching ballet star Vladimir Vasiliev rocket four feet straight up into the air. "It can't hurt," said Driesell. Anyhow, the Wildcats, with sophomore Mike Maloy scoring 38 points, beat Bucknell 91–70 and VMI 80–73. WEST VIRGINIA, Davidson's chief competition for the Southern Conference title, whipped William & Mary 83–66.

THE MIDWEST

One thing about Michigan—the Wolverines are gracious hosts. Last Friday night Coach Dave Strack and more than 100 alumni threw a testimonial dinner for KENTUCKY's venerable Adolph Rupp. The next day Strack's team gave Rupp's Wildcats the ball 27 times on turnovers in Michigan's new $7 million University Events Building—known around Ann Arbor as "the house that Cazzie [Russell] built"—and Kentucky took the game 96–79. Rudy Tomjanovich, Michigan's 6'7" sophomore, tried his best, scoring 17 points and grabbing 27 rebounds, but Kentucky's two sophomores, 6'4" Mike Casey and 6'8" Dan Issel, were even better. Casey scored 28 points and Issel 18. "This is the best group of sophomores I've had since Frank Ramsey, Lou Tsioropoulos and that bunch," raved Rupp. "We're going places this year."

While Purdue, the Big Ten favorite, and Rick Mount were scaring UCLA (*page 30*), the other conference teams warmed up for the race ahead. INDIANA's defending cochampions got off to a scary start, barely beating Northern Illinois 71–65, while IOWA had to go all out to beat Bowling Green 79–73 and Northwestern lost to OHIO U 71–70. But MINNESOTA buried South Dakota 85–52, OHIO STATE routed UCal at Davis 95–52, ILLINOIS defeated Butler 75–57 and MICHIGAN STATE battered Fullerton State 80–49. Fullerton? "Biggie Munn lets me schedule one game a year," explained MSU's John Benington. "That was it."

KANSAS Coach Ted Owens, who had been saying that he had sufficient versatility in his personnel to cope with almost any situation, proved part of his case, anyway, against Utah State. When the Aggies threw a zone at the Jayhawks, choking off top-scorer Rodger Bohnenstiehl, Owens put in Phil Harmon, an accurate outside shooter. Harmon shot over the zone for 24 points, and Kansas won 84–55. Some other Big Eight teams looked good, too. COLORADO, getting most of its points from Guards Chuck Williams (27) and Pat Frink (15), put down Texas Tech 87–69, while KANSAS STATE clobbered Fullerton State 103–54, and OKLAHOMA beat Centenary 91–73.

TOLEDO, the Mid-American favorite, started off with a bang against Hillsdale, winning 136–88. MIAMI of Ohio got caught in a shooting hoedown with Ball State, while Coach Tates Locke, a basketball purist, grimaced on the bench. Happily for Locke, the Redskins won in overtime 107–100.

Louisville's competition in the Missouri Valley hardly looked dangerous. CINCINNATI was pressed to get by Indiana State 83–79, while BRADLEY had its troubles before beating St. Cloud 87–71, and TULSA had to work to take St. Mary's of Texas 70–57. ST. LOUIS, however, drubbed Kansas State Teachers 94–53.

Among the top independents, DAYTON breezed past Northern Illinois 78–61, as Donnie May, obviously over his knee troubles, scored 22 points and took 28 rebounds. LOYOLA of Chicago buried Augustana 125–79; NOTRE DAME swamped St. Joseph's of Indiana 97–72; MARQUETTE trounced St. Thomas 87–45, and DEPAUL also beat Augustana 111–79. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS, enjoying its new major college status though still playing 14 small college games this season, won twice, over Sam Houston State 70–54 and MacMurray 78–51.

THE SOUTHWEST

It was hardly a fair test for HOUSTON, but the freewheeling Cougars enjoyed themselves immensely against Sacramento State. While George Reynolds, a handy junior-college transfer, buzzed around the bewildered Hornets, stealing passes, leading the fast break and handing out assists—mostly to Elvin Hayes—Houston ran over State 110–79. The Big E, playing the corner regularly now that 6'9" Ken Spain has learned to operate at center, scored 35 points.

TEXAS AT EL PASO, in the shiny new 8,400-seat El Paso Coliseum for the first time, coasted past Texas at Arlington 80–65, though the Miners' inside game was not exactly devastating, much to Coach Don Haskins' chagrin.

SMU's Bob Prewitt, taking over for retired Coach Doc Hayes, almost had the thrill of his young life. His Mustangs attacked vehemently and, led by Gary Sibley's 23 points, had favored VANDERBILT in a 78–78 tie at the end of regulation time. In the overtime Vandy went into a stall, but only until Tom Hagan got a chance to stir up things. Hagan, who scored 34 points in all, threw in seven quick ones, and Vanderbilt squeezed through 88–84. Prewitt was pleased with his team, but, he said, "the object of the game is to win. We aren't satisfied with a close one."

Another new coach, TEXAS' Leon Black, had a more successful debut. His Longhorns

whipped Mississippi 95-82. TEXAS A&M beat Louisiana Tech 84-77, while BAYLOR had it easy against Austin, winning 90-61. But Rice and Arkansas lost, the Owls to GEORGIA TECH 84-70, the Razorbacks to MISSOURI 74-58.

THE EAST

New PRINCETON Coach Pete Carril had legitimate worries before his team played Army. His two big men were ailing, 6'9" Chris Thomforde with a bruised heel and 6'8" sophomore Mike Mardy, Thomforde's substitute, with a broken nose. They both played, but Army went after Carril's Tigers with the kind of aggressive serve the Cadets usually reserve for Navy. They crowded Princeton's freelance shooters on defense, Mike Noonan and Steve Hunt scored 41 points and Army led with eight minutes to play. But the Cadets lost three players, including Noonan and Hunt, on fouls, and Princeton Guard Joe Heiser began slipping through the Army defense on drives. Heiser scored 10 points in the last five minutes (he had 23 for the game), and the Tigers pulled out a 62-59 victory.

SYRACUSE's Fred Lewis was worried, too, but not about injuries. "I don't know a thing about George Washington," he said. There was not much to know. Syracuse, going early from a 2-3 zone to a zone press, piled up a 12-0 lead and then coasted home 108-68 as sophomore Wayne Ward and George Hicker each scored 18 points.

There were signs that Providence, a perennial eastern leader, may not win its usual 20 games for the first time in 10 years. The Friars, without graduated Jimmy Walker's touch, gave VILLANOVA a tussle, but lost 58-54. "This year could be a test for our fans," said Providence Coach Joe Mullaney grimly.

ST. JOHN'S, however, looked sharp against Virginia. Forward John Warren and Center Rudy Bogad wrecked the Cavaliers' defense with their shooting, and the Redmen won easily 82-63. Niagara's celebrated Calvin Murphy was everything people expected him to be (*page 33*), but LIU beat the Eagles 84-79. But NYU lost to SETON HALL 96-73 and Manhattan was upset by BRIDGEPORT 80-72.

Some other independents also opened on a bright note. RUTGERS, playing tough defense, trounced Pitt 100-74, while FAIRFIELD surprised Canisius 65-54 and PENN STATE defeated Maryland 76-71. Georgetown, however, was beaten by AMERICAN U. 80-67. ST. JOSEPH'S rolled over Albright 90-62, LA SALLE rallied to take Rider 59-50 and PENN beat Navy 87-69.

CORNELL made it three wins for the Ivy League, beating Colgate 92-84, but there were three losses, too. VERMONT edged Dartmouth 67-65, CONNECTICUT defeated Yale 70-62 and BOSTON U. upset Harvard 78-77.

THE WEST

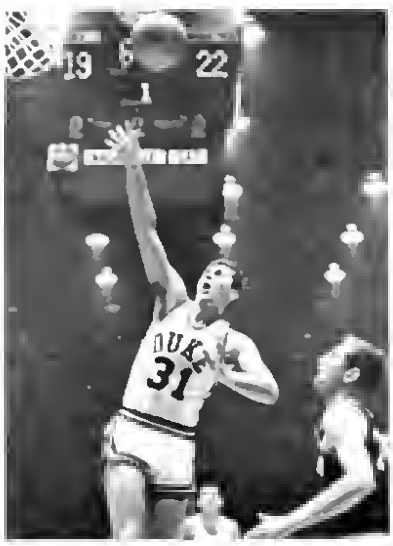
About the best anyone can hope for in the Pacific Eight this year—and next year, too—is second place behind UCLA. And that race may be more interesting than the one for the title. Two teams—Washington State and USC—fancied themselves in it before the season began, but the Trojans got a jolt when Steve Jennings suffered a bone separation in his ankle. Without Jennings to set things in motion, USC was hard-pressed to beat Idaho 59-50 and Loyola of Los Angeles 68-60. WASHINGTON STATE, however, looked good beating Gonzaga 95-66.

CALIFORNIA also had high hopes until 5'10" Russ Critchfield suffered a shoulder separation in the early minutes against Idaho. But despite Critchfield's loss (for three to four weeks), Cal won 67-55. WASHINGTON, quicker than it has been in years, beat Miami of Florida twice, 96-54 and 81-80.

SANTA CLARA, the West Coast AC favorite, bombed San Francisco State 106-54, but the Broncos are beginning to worry about SAN FRANCISCO. The Dons, playing careful defense, beat Oregon State 63-52. SAN JOSE STATE, a 94-59 victim of ARIZONA's full-court press, recovered to beat Arizona State 78-75.

Running and gunning when it works, is the style WYOMING Coach Bill Strannigan likes best, and his Cowpokes did plenty of both while beating Nevada Southern 120-87. UTAH, hemmed in for a while by Texas Tech's zone defense, found a way out to win 70-58.

NEW MEXICO STATE, pressing hard, rolled over Texas at Arlington 102-86, but Colorado State was upset by WEBER STATE 71-61. The Rams, however, came back to edge Montana State 68-64. **END**



DESTROYING HOPES of Virginia Tech for a quick getaway, leaping layup by Duke's Tim Kolodziej helps the Blue Devils win opener.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
Time & Life Building,
Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020

Time Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell, Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen, Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman, President, James A. Linen, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh, Senior Vice President, Bernhard M. Auer, Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson, Vice President, Comptroller and Secretary, John F. Harvey, Vice Presidents, Charles A. Adams, Rhett Austell, Edgar R. Baker, Charles B. Bear, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, Charles L. Gleason Jr., John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Sidney L. James, Arthur W. Keylor, Henry Luce III, Ralph D. Paine Jr., Weston C. Pullen Jr., Herbert D. Schutz, James R. Shepley, Garry Valk, Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messinger, Assistant Treasurers, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingels, Richard B. McKeough, Assistant Secretary, William E. Bishop

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

1 **To write about your subscription: change of address, billing, adjustment, complaint, or renewal, address,**
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611
Charles A. Adams, Vice President
Attach present address label in space below, this will help us identify you quickly and accurately.

2 ***To order a new subscription*** **check box:** ☐ **new,** ☐ **renewal. Use form below for your address. Mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED at address given above. Rates: Continental U.S.—1 yr./$8.00. Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands—1 yr./$10.00. Military personnel anywhere in the world. 1 yr./$6.00. All other. 1 yr./$14.00.**

ATTACH LABEL HERE WITH ALL INQUIRIES:

When you order a change of address please give us five weeks notice. Print your name and new address and Zip Code number below and mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE at address given above. Please note your telephone number below.

Name

Address

City State Zip Code

Telephone Number

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BOYCOTT (Cont.)

Sirs

I find it quite ironic that the most militant Negroes have chosen athletics as their "field of agitation" (*A Step to an Olympic Boycott*, Dec 4). In sports, and specifically in the Olympics, Negroes have found a place of equality, if not superiority. To boycott the Olympics would be foolhardy at best. Tommie Smith, Lee Evans and the others would be hurting themselves far more than they could possibly help the civil rights cause. A boycott would serve only to stir up hatred toward the "unpatriotic" Negro athletes who refuse to represent the U.S.

JAY BILDECARRÉ

Concord, Calif.

Sirs

Certainly any individual has every right to participate or not participate in events such as the Olympics as his conscience desires and his abilities dictate. However, it would seem that, as a group, these new militants are making statements designed to denigrate, rather than advance, their cause.

First, it is obvious that nonwhites have been an enormously important factor in the U.S. Olympic successes since the time of Jim Thorpe. But the argument that a *lack* of nonwhite participation in 1968 will stir white Americans to a feeling of further sympathy, understanding and cooperation is nonsense! I suspect the average American will feel a further sense of disenchantment with the Negro's disinterest in America which has already been amply evidenced by the horrible riots of the past few summers.

Second, the policy statement of the boycotting group included points to the effect that "this country is not for us" and that the Negro athletes are "performing animals." The obvious reaction must be to say, "Swell. Sorry to see you leave your homeland, but go elsewhere." This harsh but understandable point of view from the white community does absolutely nothing to further the Negro's needs in the U.S.

I suggest that Negro objectives could be truly moved ahead if the Negro athletes adopted a "win everything in Mexico City" strategy and then widely broadcast these results as an example of the Negro's continuing contribution to his country.

JOHN T. THOMAS

London

SPORTSMEN

Sirs

If Sir Francis Chichester qualifies as a contender, then he must be your Sportsman of the Year. Sir Francis enthralled mankind with his endurance, strength, dedication and will to succeed in his lone, lonesome voyage around the world. He showed the world that there are still men who are ready to attempt and to achieve the impossible.

TINBARR SLATTERY

Killarney, Ireland

Sirs

I would like to second the nomination by Donald Farrar (19TH HOLE, Nov. 20) of Carl Yastrzemski as Sportsman of the Year.

ROBERT KNUTS

Greenlawn, N.Y.

LITTLE GIRLS

Sirs

As an aspiring girls' track coach, I thoroughly enjoyed Bil Gilbert's article, *Thank Heaven for* (Nov. 27). It captured the spirit and interest in sports of elementary and junior high school girls, and it showed their determination to excel.

As a high school senior looking forward to a career in physical education, I salute Mr. Gilbert for his fine coaching ability and hope that someday I may be able to match his example.

SUSAN J. FARRELL

Batavia, N.Y.

Sirs

Thank heaven for stories like *Thank Heaven for*. I was genuinely touched by Bil Gilbert's account of the adventures of the Belles of Fairfield. I read it twice. I'll read it again.

EDWARD J. BUTLER

New York City

HONORABLE MENTION

Sirs

Although I feel that your magazine is the best on the market today, I was very disappointed at what little mention you gave Oregon State for the stunning upsets they scored this season. I believe that a team that beats Purdue and USC and ties UCLA should receive more than a couple of lines in your back pages. The USC win was the biggest upset of many a season. Please remember that California does not have the only teams in college football.

CURT JOHNSON

Corbett, Ore.

Sirs

Each week, as Oregon State racked up another fantastic upset, I hoped to see more coverage in SI than the usual paragraph in FOOTBALL'S WEEK. When the Beavers completed their parlay by toppling No. 1 Southern Cal, I thought you would surely feature them in at least the lead story to FOOTBALL'S WEEK. No such luck. Penn State made it by beating No. 3.

The Great Pumpkin has probably pulled off the most stunning series of upsets in major college football history.

JAMES HENDERSON

Fresno, Calif.

CHALLENGE

Sirs

Several weeks ago SPORTS ILLUSTRATED featured an article on Indiana University's prowess in football and its haphazard success this season (*Punt, John Punt!* Nov. 13). It was questioned whether Indiana University's gridiron tactics could even vanquish Sweet Briar, the personification of Southern femininity. Through the expert coaching of "Bullet Bill" Dudley, the Sweet Briar team, which counts as one of its members his daughter Jarrett, has rallied, as is apparent in the accompanying photograph (*left*). We feel we are now ready to extend a challenge to any interested and qualified team.

THE SWEET BRIAR FOOTBALL TEAM

Sweet Briar, Va.

"BULLET BILL" DUDLEY, THE FORMER VIRGINIA ALL-AMERICA, RALLIES HIS SWEET BRIAR TEAM

The Parson Made Them Pop

When not pondering ways to save his flock, the minister of Belhelvie was often thinking about gunpowder

by J.A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

As recently as the end of the 18th century killing birds and beasts was a laborious and chancy business, since hunters had to use weapons unchanged in almost 200 years. The flint-and-steel firing system was slow and uncertain. Touchholes were constantly getting stuffed up, and few sportsmen dared take a high shot for fear of getting an eyeful of ash from the priming powder.

One man who worried about this was a lean and lanky bachelor from the parish of Belhelvie in Aberdeenshire, Alexander John Forsyth. He was, in fact, the minister of that parish, and he spent much time in a little shed at the end of his manse garden tinkering with ways to improve guns and gunpowder. In 1797, Forsyth heard that a chemist called Edward Howard had produced a completely new substance, called fulminate of mercury, which was very explosive indeed. A combination of ethyl alcohol, nitric acid and mercuric nitrate, it could be exploded by the slightest knock or a tiny spark from static electricity in the human body. To the Aberdeenshire minister, it sounded splendid stuff.

But his experiments at adding it to gunpowder were disappointing. It didn't seem to make the charge significantly better, and the wildfowl were disinclined to panic. How odd it was, the minister mused, that fulminate was so relatively feeble in action when ignited, yet so violent when, as had just happened, he chanced to drop a hammer on a few grains lying on the floor. It had instantly exploded with a bright flash.

Flash! That was it. Why shouldn't the flash from detonated fulminate replace the cumbersome flint and steel?

The parishioners of Belhelvie must have been quite indulgent toward the gaunt, long-nosed bachelor who was their shepherd, for in spite of his preoccupations with pretty ungodly subjects, Forsyth was to hold the living of Belhelvie for 52 years. If you called at the manse and found him pacing up and down the driveway followed, step for step, by his pet goose, you could not tell whether he was composing a particularly forceful sermon based on the Sixth Commandment or pondering the best ways of doing some beast to death.

To test his theory about the fulminate, Forsyth made an experimental nine-inch, 1½"-diameter bar, with a quarter-inch hole drilled most of the way down it. At the base he made a hole just large enough to take a stout needle. He poured in a little fulminate and then some powder, rammed in a wad, and struck the needle sharply. By jing! There was an instant report, and the wad flew out of the end of the tube. Forsyth was exuberant. Next, he needed to find a satisfactory kind of lock that could be adapted to its new purpose, and he fixed on the simplest of all: the hammer. Into the side of a gun-barrel base he inserted a quarter-inch rod, along which a channel was milled. The fulminate was placed in the outer end of the channel along the inside of which the striker flash would travel to ignite the waiting powder.

Completely sealing the open channel from the firer was a small hunk of steel, similar in shape to an old-fashioned scent bottle, and this was to contain the reserve supply of fulminate. The scent bottle was free to swivel on the rod: tip it on end and the gray powder would lodge in the channel; turn it back to the normal position and the reservoir of highly dangerous substance was completely isolated from the firing. Forsyth tried it and, after a great many modifications, he had an apparatus that worked every time.

There had been no such advance in weapons since gunpowder itself was first devised. Forsyth's scent bottle held enough fulminate of mercury to go for 30 rounds without refilling; and although the powder and shot still needed the ramrod to charge the barrels, there would be no more fiddling about with the delicate filling of the flashpan, nor would any shower of rain spoil the efficacy of the next shot by wetting the powder.

The first successful model of a weapon fired by percussion was completed in 1805, and that winter the ducks on the loch scarcely knew what hit them. With no flash to be seen, and an exceedingly quick detonation, the minister was soon coming home to Belhelvie with record bags. Moreover, there was a 25% saving in the amount of gunpowder he had to use. Forsyth thought it would be amusing to take the gun to London and demonstrate it to some of his sporting friends. While he was there, word of the device reached the ear of Lord Moira, who as Master-General of Ordnance immediately requested the minister to visit him. Odd, very odd, he thought. What could this eminent politician want with a 37-year-old cleric from the backwoods of Scotland? Still puzzled, Forsyth presented himself at Lord Moira's office, where he soon found out the reason. Would Forsyth spend some time in London, at the government's expense, to do some highly secret work on his invention at the Tower of London?

It was a time of national emergency, he was told. Boney was creating all sorts of mischief across the Channel. Here was a chance for the British army to get ahead in the arms race. He agreed enthusiastically to Moira's request. For a year he labored at adapting his invention to a military carbine and a three-pounder gun. There were difficulties: the original fulminate of mercury was not only irregular in quality, but also so strong in action it might bulge or blow the steel. No chemist dared touch the unpredictable stuff. So Forsyth had to perform all his highly dangerous experiments himself. Then he had to instruct workmen who, for security reasons, were not allowed to know the purpose of their work; they merely had to do what they were told, blindly. After a year, Forsyth had all but finished and was ready to leave for Aberdeenshire, when he was horrified to hear of a drastic government reshuffle. Lord Moira had been replaced by the Earl of Chatham, who cared little for newfangled inventions. After some delays Forsyth's £603.18.4 bill for expenses was met, and he was brusquely told to remove his "rubbish" from the Tower. Rebuffed and dejected, he made his way back the 500 long miles to Belhelvie.

Turning for help to James Watt, the

continued

No competition.

Model SR-100 Cartridge Tape Recorder

Contains most features of more expensive models, costs far less. Capstan drive, fast forward, Vu-Meter, slide-to-record switch, battery life indicator. Price includes 3 cartridges, batteries, earphone, remote control dynamic microphone and stand, 8' patch cord and leather carrying case. AC adaptor, optional. About $59.95.

STANDARD RADIO CORP ...electronic years ahead!

60-09 39TH AVE., WOODSIDE, N.Y. 11377, 1300 WEST OLYMPIC BLVD., LOS ANGELES 90015

NOW NOW NOW

Casa Blanca Inn

offers you

GOLF

at the exclusive
Indian Bend Country Club

4 days/3 nights $80.50
per person, double occupancy
$99 per person after Jan. 20)

Includes Deluxe room—breakfast—dinner—all greens fees—transportation to and from Phoenix Airport—all taxes.

All air-conditioned. New swimming pool—new dining terrace and Garden Room. For reservations, write or call

Casa Blanca Inn

Scottsdale Arizona 602 945 6391
Royal W. Treadway, Manager
or Ed Bludau Associates
Los Angeles—213 386 3700
San Francisco—415 392 2411

LET jon-ē KEEP YOU WARM WHILE YOU WORK!

Forget the misery of cold weather outdoor work. Just slip one or two Jon-E Warmers into your inside pockets and stay warm all over all day.

These "personal radiators give comforting flameless heat all day long on only one filling of Jon-E Fluid.

Insist on the genuine Jon-E. Never wears out. American made.

At sporting goods counters everywhere
Standard size—$4.50 Giant size $5.50
Use fast lighting, long lasting Jon E. Fluid
8 oz. 59¢ 16 oz. 95¢

ALADDIN LABORATORIES, INC.
620 So. 4th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Parson

71-year-old inventor of the steam engine, Forsyth at last was granted a watertight patent in 1807 for "an advantageous method of discharging or giving fire to artillery and all other firearms, mines, chambers, cavities and places in which gunpowder or other combustible matter is or may be put for the purpose of explosion." Almost at once, he went into partnership with a practical and professional gunmaker and set up the Forsyth Gun Company at 10, Piccadilly. In 1814, one of their ablest gunsmiths left to start his own business; his name was James Purdy. That notable sportsman, Colonel Peter Hawker, strongly advised shooters to use nothing but the fulminating gun, even though the lock alone could cost more than the best flintlock gun from Birmingham. "It produces inflammation by means of percussion," ran the advertisement for the gun, "and supersedes the use of flints."

And so it did—for everyone but the British army. In 1818, the British government decided to improve methods of firing heavy artillery. After great expense and a lot of committee meetings they plumped for a new type of flintlock, even though Joshua Shaw of Philadelphia had just developed from Forsyth's plans the infinitely more convenient percussion cap. And it wasn't until 1834 that Forsyth's idea was given an official 6,000-round test against the old flint mechanism, winning hands down with greater accuracy, quicker fire, less recoil, fewer misfires and a great saving in powder. Two years later, such was (and is) the cautious way of British statesmen, a couple of battalions of the Guards were given a few percussion weapons to try after sportsmen had been using them successfully for years.

It was not until 1842, nearly 40 years after his flash of inspiration, that Forsyth at last saw his invention in national use. This modest and patient man, then aged 74, judged it time to apply for some reward. He was given a token £200, and died the following year. Perhaps from some feelings of remorse, the government awarded a further £1,000, to be divided among his next of kin.

A poor recompense, one might think, for the man who allowed the battle of Waterloo to be won by England. Napoleon had offered £20,000 for his secret, and Reverend Alexander John Forsyth, M.A., LL.D., of Belhelvie had patriotically refused. **END**

6 YEARS OLD IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC DETROIT MICH 86 0 PROOF BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

The world's most popular Christmas Club.

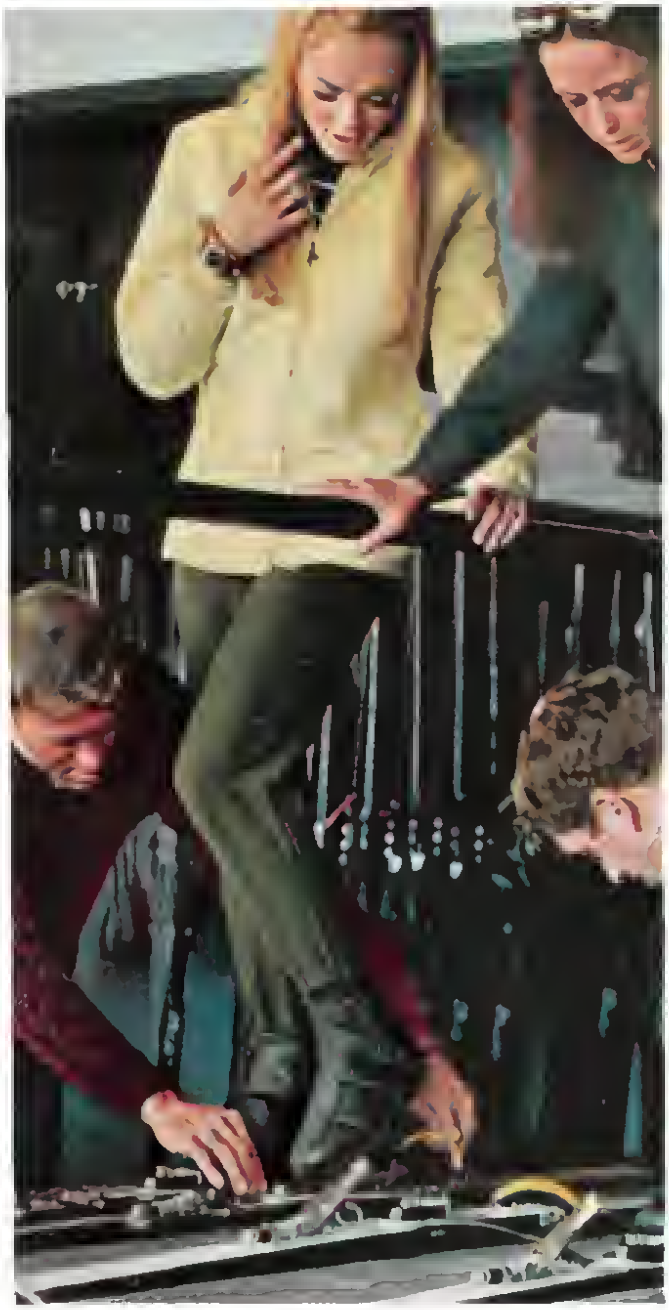
Gift-wrapped at no extra cost.

Here's one gift you can always bank on. Canadian Club—one of the world's most wanted gift whiskies. All done up for Christmas in three distinctly different, distinctly beautiful gift-wraps.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® In 87 lands

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA



Climb aboard. Grab yourself a United Ski-lift Holiday.

If you want to get up to where it's really happening, grab your skis, poles and parka and head for the Rockies.

On a United Ski-lift Holiday.

Even if you don't know how to ski, you can learn.

Of course, some days you may not even want to get out of the inn.

You can splash it up in the pool.

Brown it up in the sun.

Make the discothèques.

Do the quaint shops.

Belt out the songs to a great banjo.

And wake up every morning to another sparkling day.

Get with it now.

Call your Travel Agent about United's Ski-lift Holiday.

Or send for our "Guide to Western Skiing." It's got all the inns and outs.

Discover United's Ski-lift Holiday plan. Send $1.00 to Dept. SI-12, P.O. Box 477, Des Moines, Iowa 50302 for our new 178-page "Guide to Western Skiing" (a $1.95 value), plus information on air fares, and special rates for lodging and lifts.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"All that glitters is not snow."